Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27TH 1828. [NUMBER 1995.

THIS DAY.

WEDNESDAY the 27th Instant.

FRITH Bomanjee & Co.

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

THE FOLLOWING

PIECE GOODS

VIZ.

SUPERIOR Long Cloths, Sheetings and Madapollams, Scotch Cambrics, Cotton Handkerchiefs, White Jean, also a few prime Lancashire Hams, Confectionary, Cut and Plain Glass-Ware, and London Particular Madeira; a few Casks of rejected Beer and some Head Stalls; and to close an account, a small Invoice of Ceylon Jewellery, comprizing, Broaches and Lockets, Buttons &c. ornamented with coloured stones, fine coloured Glass Beads, a double BARREL GUN by Jackson several pairs of PISTOLS, Hood Hides, and Sheep Skins, Linseed Oil, Books. &c. &c. &c.

Nesbit Lane, 27th August 1828.

FRITH Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE received for Sale on Commission, the ORIENTAL HERALD for April, price Rs. 5 per No.

No. 22 of the SPHYNX and 19 and 20 of the ATHENÆUM;

ALSO

The INDIGO PLANTER'S MANUAL, price Rs. 15 per copy, and LYN'S HORARY TABLES half bound Price Rs. 50 per copy.

THEY HAVE LIKEWISE FOR SALE,

A very superior Bengal Palanquin, built by Stewart and Co. of Calcutta, well adapted for the Body of a light Shigrampo, price Rupees 150.

A beautiful Cat's Eye Ring of Fine Gold, Rupees 375.

Nesbit Lane, 27th August 1828.

FOR SALE ON COMMISSION, AT

FRITH Bomanjee and Co.'s ROOMS,

A VERY Stylish London built DENNETT, and HARNESS Painted yellow imported by the H. E. I. S. *Marquis of Camden*, and, the usual assortment of new and second hand CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, and HARNESS, (Single and Double) &c. &c. &c.

FOR SALE ON COMMISSION, AT

FRITH Bomanjee and Co.'s

A Dapple GREY ARAB MARE of the Nuzydee breed height about 14-1-6 Years old, Price Rs. 500 if not disposed of by private contract prior to next Wednesday the 3rd proximo she will be sold by auction on that day.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE

THE UNDERMENTIONED PRINTED BLANK FORMS.

BILLS of Exchange, per sett		Rs. " 2 "
Powers of Attorney,	each	" " 2 "
Interest Bonds,	do.	" " 2 "
Respondentia Bonds	do.	" 1 " "
Policies of Insurance	do.	" 1 " "
Bills of Lading	per set	" " 2 "
Price Currents	each	" " 2 "

Higgs & Briggs

WILL SELL.

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

To-morrow the 28th Instant,

ANOTHER

HUNDRED

OF THE PRIME

Lancashire Hams.

JUST imported per Clyde from Liverpool. Also Cotton Yarn, Fine Holland Tape and Bobbin, Bengal Boots and Shoes, Cummerbands, Leeches, Glass Ware &c.

AT ONE O'CLOCK,

A PAIR OF

Carriage Horses,

AND A YOUNG

BUGGY HORSE

Meadows Street, 27th August 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL

BY AUCTION

To-morrow the 28th Instant,

BELONGING TO A FAMILY

THAT HAVE LEFT INDIA

RICH four and eight light Chandeliers Plated double Branch wall Shades with Drops and Pans, Candlesticks and Shades, a pair of Black Figures supporting Argand Lamps, Sofa Tables, Couches with Velvet Furniture, Large Beadstead and Bedding, Mahogany Sideboard, Plated Hotwater Curry Dishes, Bottle Stands, Glass ware &c.

AT ONE O'CLOCK

A HIGH CASTE

AND VERY HANDSOME

ARAB

Saddle Horse

AND A NEAT

SHIGRAMPOE.

Meadows Street, 27th August 1828.

SAUL SOLOMON,

MERCHANT, COMMERCIAL AND SHIPPING AGENT AT THE ISLAND OF SAINT HELENA.

Marine Stores, Provisions, Live Stock and Supplies of every description, furnished with facility and on moderate terms.

NEGOCIATES GOOD BILLS.

N. B.—Apartments fitted up in a superior style for the reception of Passengers.

TERMS OF BOARDING HOUSE.—Ladies and Gentlemen accommodated at 25s. per day, including, Port, Sherry, Madeira and Beer, Children and Servants at 12s 6d.

Passengers desirous of remaining at St. Helena for any length of time, accommodated on reduced terms of 15s. each and servants 5s.

N. B.—Hot and Cold Baths, Carriages & Saddle Horses.

ST. HELENA.—It must be desirable for those Ladies and Gentlemen, returning to Europe, or about to pass a short time on that Island, for the benefit of their Health, or otherwise, to know, that there is a long established House, kept on a very different principle to those already advertised (indeed Joe Millar's boarding House is shut up) and one of, if not the best house in St. James's Valley formerly known as DR. DUNN'S, the corner of the Company's Gardens, where Mr. Eyre an old Officer of the Hon'ble Company's Naval Service, continues to receive upon his old plan of *Family Comfort*, those, who are pleased to favour him with their Company.

Mr. EYRE as an Agent, takes this opportunity, of further expressing his readiness to assist in procuring supplies for Shipping, disposing of Property and otherwise attending to the interests *of all*, who, may honor *him* with their confidence.

6th August 1828.

LITERARY AGENCY.

BOOKS, Maps, Mathematical and Surveying Instruments, Stationary &c. may be procured from London on favourable terms either through Mr. John Alexander, British Gallery, Calcutta, or by application direct to Mr. John Richardson, Bookseller, No, 91 Royal Exchange London.

For particulars apply either at the GAZETTE or COURIER Printing Offices, where plans may be had gratis.

TO BE SOLD

A HANDSOME English built BUGGY, nearly new, complete with an entire new set of HARNESS: and a powerful stylish HORSE.—PRICE 1200 Rs. CASH. Apply to JEHANJEER, NASSERWANJEE opposite Government House

Bombay, 27th August 1828.

Advertisement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT the REVEREND GEORGE NICOLA RAINAL a Franciscan Missionary having contracted to sell to a Gentleman a Spot of Ground Situated within the Gate of KUTTERGAUM at Surat, being the Portuguese Burying Ground, and it is consecrated, therefore it is made known to the Public, that whoever purchases the Said Ground, the Sale will be null and void as it is the Church property.

Bombay, 27th August 1828.

જાહેર • ખબર *

પાદરી•જારજ• નીકોલા•રઇનેલ•ફરા નશીશકાને• તારીખ• ૧૩ મી•આગશટ•શને• ૧૮૨૮ શ્રી• ઋરતના• કટારગામના• દરવાજની• મંદર• કબરીશતાનની•જગી નીકટલીકે•જમીન•વેચવાની•ખબર•આપી છે•નિબાબત•કુ• ખબર• આપુછીજે•કિજમી ન•કબરીશતાનનીછે • તેથી• વકફનીછે•વા શતે•કિજમીન•કોઇ•વેચીશકાતુનથી•તથા•કો ઈ•લદશકાતુ•પણ• નથી• વાશતે•જોઇએ•કિ જમીન•વેશે•તેના• પઈશા•ખોટાથારો*

તારીખ• ૨૧ મી•આગશટ•શને• ૧૮૨૮*

For Freight or Passage

TO

LONDON

THE REGULAR TRADER

CERES, A. I.

OF 350 TONS

Capt. D. Warren

HAS good accommodation for Passengers, will sail on the 1st September, and will touch at TELLICHERRY, COLOMBO and the CAPE of GOOD HOPE.

Apply to Capt. WARREN at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay, 27th August 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO CALCUTTA

THE SHIP

CLYDE,

CAPT. SCOTT.

WILL Sail the first week in next Month apply to Messrs. DIROM CARTER AND CO. or to Captain SCOTT on board, who has for Sale, some fine TERRIERS, SPANIELS and other DOGS.

Bombay, 27th August 1828.

FOR SALE,

AT FRAMJEE CAWASJEES OFFICE.

A few quarter chests of Caibonel an Sou's second growth CLARET imported from London, at 30 Rupees pe Dozen.—Terms, READY CASH.

Bombay, 27th August 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO LONDON

THE SHIP

EGYPTIAN, A. I.

OF 360 TONS

Wm. Lilburn,

COMMANDER.

UNDER engagement to Sail on the 10th Proximo, or forfeit freight. Apply to Capt. LILBURN, at the Office of Messrs. ROBERT TAYLOR AND CO.

Bombay, 27th August 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

LIVERPOOL

THE BRITISH BUILT SHIP

SOVEREIGN A. I.

BURTHEN 426 TONS,

STEPHEN NESFIELD,

COMMANDER

HAS Superior accommodations for Passengers and will Sail from this in all September, for Particulars Apply to MESSRS. ROBT. TAYLOR AND CO.

Bombay, 27th August 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO LONDON

THE SHIP

SURRY,

OF 500 TONS

Capt. Charles Kemp

TO SAIL IN OCTOBER.

THIS Ship has good accommodations for Passengers and carries a Surgeon.

—For Freight or Passage Apply to Capt. KEMP or to Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Bombay, 27th August 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO

LONDON

AND THE

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

THE FINE RIVER BUILT SHIP

LADY RAFFLES, A. I.

BURTHEN 650 TONS,

WILLIAM TUCKER,

COMMANDER.

WILL Positively be Dispatched in all September.

Apply to Captain TUCKER at the Office of Messrs. ADAM SKINNER AND CO., where plans of the accommodations may be had.

Bombay, 27th August 1828.

For Passengers to *LONDON.*

TO FOLLOW THE

LADY RAFFLES,

THE FAST SAILING SHIP

CHARLES KERR, A. I.

BURTHEN [illegible] TONS

John Braddon

(Late of the East India Company's Service)

COMMANDER

THE CH.S. KERR will be at Gravesend on 1st June, and will be expected early in September, and will sail again for London about the 15th of Nov. Has large and elegant Cabins for Passengers and carries an experienced Surgeon.

Plans of the accommodation may be had on application at the Office of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 27th August. 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

MADRAS AND CALCUTTA

THE SHIP

"PALAMBAM"

OF 400 TONS

D. NASH.

COMMANDER

WILL positively Sail for the above Ports on the 15th September.

Apply to the COMMANDER on board or at the Office of Messrs WILLIAM NICOL AND CO.

Bombay 27th August 1828.

General Orders.

By the Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 14TH AUGUST 1828.

No. 221. of 1828—The following promotion in made.

17th Regiment Native Infantry.

Ensign W. B. Knipe to be Lieutenant, vice Curry deceased,—Date of rank 6th August 1828

No. 222 of 1828.—At the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief the following appointment is made.

2d Regiment of European Infantry

Lieutenant J. P. Cumming to act as Quarter Master.—Date of appointment 22d July 1828.

No. 223 of 1828.—Captain R. Meldrum, of the 9th Regiment N. I is allowed a furlough to Europe for the recovery of his health, according to the Regulations.

Bombay Castle, 15th August 1828.

No. 224 of 1828.—In consequence of the Regiments of Cavalry not being yet complete with the new description of saddle, the Hon'ble the governor in Council is pleased to direct, with reference to General Order No. 412, dated 30th November last, that the old rule respecting this article of equipment continue in force with respect to the old saddles in use until they be replaced by those of the new pattern.

Bombay Castle, 16th August 1828.

No. 225 of 1828.—The following promotion is made.

18th Regiment Native Infantry.

Ensign C. I. Curtis to be Lieutenant, vice Pickford deceased,—Date of rank 3d August 1828.

Bombay Castle, 19th August 1828.

No. 226 of 1828.—In consequence of the lamented death of the Hon'ble Sir Edward West Knight Chief Justice of His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at this Presidency, which took place at Poona yesterday in the forenoon, the Hon'ble the Governor in Council is pleased to direct that 45 minute Guns, corresponding with the age of the deceased, be fired from the Ramparts of the Garrison, and that the Flag at the Castle be hoisted half mast high and continue so until sun-set.

Bombay Castle, 20th August 1828.

No. 227 of 1828.—The Hon'ble the governor in Council is pleased to appoint Assistant Surgeon J. Bowstead to the Medical charge of the Hon'ble Company's Ship Marquis of Camden, during her voyage to China.

Mr. Bowstead will return to India from China, as soon as relieved from his duties on board the Camden.

By Order of the Hon'ble the Governor in Council,

W. NEWNHAM,

Chief Secretary.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.—None.

DEPARTURES.—Lieut. R. Shortreed Supt. Trig. Survey
Capt. Capon, 2d Grenadiers,
Lieut. J. S. Grant Engineers,
Ensign McHutchin Infantry,
Ensign Wyllie do.
Ensign Cunningham do.
Asst. Surgn Cunningham Horse Brigade.

SHIPPING REPORTS.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.

NONE.—

DEPARTURES.

AUG.—20th Ship England (Free Trader) John Reay Master, to Trincomalie,

Do. Brig Lady Caroline, S. Lingard Master to Mauritius.

Do. Ship Ellen (Free Trader) W. Boyle, Master, to London.

21st The H. C. Sloop of War Coote, John Betham Esq. Captain to the Persian Gulph.

23d The H. C. Ship Marquis Camden. Captain Thomas Larkins, to China

Passengers by Ship England.—Mrs. Reay.

By Ship Ellen.—Mr. W. Stewart Asst. Surgn, Captain Meldrum, Lieut. Fitzroy,

By Ship Marques Camden.—20 Chinese, and 3 Convicts.

SHIPS LOADING.

ENGLISH.—Ceres for London; Thorne; for London. Sovereign for London; Egyptian for London, Clyde, Calcutta, Asia Felix for Calcutta; and Oscar for Persian Gulph.

ARAB.—Futtay Eslam for Calcutta; Hemanshaw for Calcutta; Rahimany for Calcutta; Fazelcarim for Calcutta; and Samdany for Malay Coast.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

FREE TRADERS.—Harliquin, Lady Raffles. Egyptian, Thorn, Sovereign, and Alcyane. Clyde, Chatham, Palambam, Hibberts; Margaret, Johnson, Gallovedien, Surry, Ceres, and Mary.

COUNTRY SHIPS.—Oscar, and Asia Felix, Carron, and Samdany,

ARAB.—Wootmany, Futtayeslam, Futtaynasry Hamaumshaw, and Rahemany, Fazelcarim, and Hashmy.

FRENCH.—Bordelais.

H. C. CRUIZERS.—Elphinstone, Discovery, Fly and Benares.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

At Poona, on the 3d August 1828, Mrs. George Houston, of a Daughter.

On the morning of the 9th instant, the Lady of John Lewis Johnson Esq. of a Son.

At Colabah, on the 19th instant, the Lady of Captain J. Scott, of the Country Service, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

NONE.—

DEATHS.

At Bhowndy, on the 6th instant, aged 21 years, Lieutenant Richard Carthew Curry, of the 17th Regiment N. I. most sincerely regretted by his brother officers.

At Mazagaum the 22d Instant Miss Maria Jane Thomson, aged 17 years of Fever, after a few days severe suffering. A young Lady highly esteemed, for her many amiable qualities and greatly lamented by her friends and those who knew her.

The 16th Instant, on board the H. C. Sloop of War Elphinstone, A. Colman Esq. Assistant Surgeon of that Ship aged 23 years after a few days Illness brought on in a great measure by over exertion in the performance of the Duties of his profession.

At Chingleput, on the way from Madras to Bombay, on the 14th Instant, Frederick Eric, the infant Son of Mr. Robert Bennett, Aged 1 year and 21 days.

The tender plant, which, sweetly grew,
To bloom it promis'd fair,
Whilst, nourish'd by the morning dew
Death's tempest would not spare.—

But lo' kind mercy surely smil'd
To mark death's early blow
Since thou art now removed dear child
But from a world of woe.—

Now Angels thy companions are,
Thy home the realms of peace,
Thy God and Saviour's presence there,
Makes joy no more to cease—

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR.

You would do me a favor by calling the attention of those who may be willing and able, to find some cure for what I humbly conceive is a stain on our mode of administering Justice both in this Country, and at Home.

I particularly allude to the Court of Requests. Some time since three individuals gave a bond for twenty Rupees to a Banyan at the moderate rate of three pice on *each Rupee per month!* (is this legal) and one having absconded the Banyan came on the others for the sum total, amounting with the Costs of the Court to *Forty five* Rupees. Now admitting the legality of the Interest which was nearly 100 per Cent! The charges of the Court in recovering Thirty two Rupees, are Thirteen. As these causes are very common, and generally end in the Wretched Individual being thrown into Jail, do they do not require some attention from those who might apply a remedy? The most infamous Caste of the Natives as to all kinds of roguery, are in proportion as 5 to 1 Plantiffs in this Court: and it would be indeed a great matter, if two or three examples such as were lately made by our much regretted Chief Justice, should be again held up to the terror of such Evil-doers.

I remain Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
J.

Should no other Individual more qualified touch on the subject, I shall again trouble you with a few lines.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR,

It may perhaps appear rude in me, in this my second letter, to commence by upbraiding you with a want of that courtesey, which I had understood you so highly possessed; you never took the slightest notice of my last except in publishing it, nor gave any answer to my question, whether you would wish to hear further from me; but perhaps you are of the opinion of many others whom I have heard express themselves in the course of the week, regarding the name I have chosen, and the object of my last letter. "Who can it be? what is he? I think the letter has no point, no meaning; there is nothing in it, nothing to amuse;" such it may seem and such is no doubt the case, but Mr. Editor it is not my intention to administer to the ruling tastes of the many of this place; It is not my intention to meddle with the hallowed precints of domestic happiness, nor to hold up to scorn those failings in humanity, which it is the duty of every man to aid in obscuring, scandal under any disguise shall never have a place in the letters of the *Spectator*. My endeavour will be, however feeble the attempt to point out matters that admit of correction, to expose wrongs that require only to be known to be redressed. With this view then Mr. Editor if you think it may tend to the attainment of any good, however partial, my trouble will be amly repaid, and I will continue from time to time under the disguise I have chosen, to contribute to your paper.

As I was strolling the other evening towards that part of the Island called Girgaum, and in which our Burying ground is situated, my attention was attracted by a funeral which seemed proceeding there, being curious in these matters, and observing that it was one of those quiet funerals, that so strongly mark the lowly in life, (for funerals like other human pageants, have their pomp equalled to there circumstance) I joined the procession and accompained it to the grave, where I attentively waited to see the body of the deceased interred; during the ceremony, the most beautiful, and impressive in the ritual of the English church, I was much struck with the demeanour of one of the party, an aged man who stood at the Head of the grave, who appeared almost unconscious of what was going on, and when the cord, by which the Coffin had been lowered into the grave, was withdrawn, its grating sound seemed to call back his wandering thoughts; he pulled his hat more over his face so as almost entirely to hide it from my view but I thought whilst he did so I saw the big tears roll down his Cheeks, his from wreathe as if suffering much internal agony, and he left the grave. There must be something in all this, said I to myself, and, altho I felt it was wrong; I was determined to learn the story of this humble sufferer. It was simply this—he had had three brothers who with himself, had been left in early life, almost alone in the world; their parents had both died early, and they knew of none with whom they could claim the most distant kind of relationship: he was the oldest, and at the dying request of his parents, had faithfully promised never to forsake them, and to be unto them a guide thro life.—He had chosen the Sea for a profession, and by degrees, as his brothers grew up, they joined him in his walk in life; in this way they passed many years of happiness: they always had the good fortune to Sail in the same fleet, and were almost always in port together: until 1819, I think he said, when his youngest Brother fell a victim in this place to that awful disease the Cholera Morbus. The next voyage, another took his place in the same Burying ground, by the side of his brother. And now said he, all that was left to me in the world, lies cold before me, and I am alone! but perhaps next voyage, I may get a birth here too. They had all died of the same dreadful malady! and were, each of them, from a state of perfect health, hurled in a few hours into the presence of their maker; surely there is some remedy for this waste of human life, which year after year, we witness in the Ships that compose our portion of the China fleet; they come here in the very hottest Season of the year, and consequently the most unwholesome they are engaged all day in the hot holds of these Ships and are occasionally glad to get a moment's respite in some cool place; almost naked, and in a violent state of perspiration they fly to some of the ports where the strong current of air may relieve them for a moment, but the immediate check which follows, can be easily conceived, and the result not unfrequently fatal—I will not say that Cholera is entirely produced by acts like these, but I have heard the most experienced medical men say? that it was a sufficient cause, and to which, they could alone attribute the rapid march of this disease in the fleet.—Now, were those, whose province it is to look after this, to think but for a moment on the subject, some remedies would present themselves, one there is, which, with all due deference, I will offer, and that is, the employment of Seedies to load and unload these Ships. These men are by birth hardy, and by nature well calculated for such work. Heat, or sudden exposure to cold, effects, them but little. The expence of such a measure would be more than repaid, for there is not one of those poor fellows, whose death does not cost their employers a considerable sum; but putting all that aside the expence would surely be repaid, were it only by saving so many valuable lives. I hope this may meet the eye of those who have the power of doing good and I feel satisfied that something will be done, to guard against the recurrence of such awful mortality.

SPECTATOR.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again been favoured with another Letter from a Friend Signing himself SPECTATOR, *in which he upbraids us with our want of attention in not noticing his last Letter. We now beg to assure him, that the circumstance of the omission did not arise from the non-appreciation of the favor he has conferred upon us, but from the pressure of business in preparing the Gazette for publication.—We shall always be most happy to hear from so fluent and able a writer.*

EXCHANGE.

On London, at 6 months
Bengal, at 30 days sight,
Madras, at 30 days sight

BAZAR VALUE OF

Remittable notes 135 Bombay
Unremittable do. 105
Notes of the present
Bengal on the 18th A
B'bay per 0 | 0 Siccas.

PRICES

Spanish Dollars
German Crowns

London.... Per Tou
China.....Per Candy, nominal no Ship Loading.

THE GAZETTE.

BOMBAY.

WEDNESDAY, 27TH AUGUST 1828.

We deeply regretted that time did not allow us in our last Number to accompany our insertion of the melancholy intelligence of the death of our late distinguished Chief Justice, with some expression, however inadequate of our heartfelt sorrow and distress at a loss so unexpected, and so serious to the inhabitants of this Presidency. We cannot permit our columns again to issue from the press without adverting to the subject, and however unworthy our tribute of praise may be of the high reputation of our departed Chief Magistrate, we trust we shall be able to claim the merit of not being lukewarm in our mention of him, and that the sincerity with which we venture to commemorate his virtues, will be evinced not by an attempt at the eloquence of panegyric, but by the unaffected language of natural feeling and sympathy.

At no distant period we hope to be able to obtain information sufficiently accurate to afford materials for a short memoir of SIR EDWARD WEST'S life, and should we do so, we shall have great pleasure in submitting it to our readers. At present our inability to ascertain dates and facts with sufficient precision precludes our giving any account of it which could be in the least degree satisfactory. The materials however, for forming a just estimate of his public character, as it has been exhibited in the execution of his high and important office in this Presidency, we think, are in the hands of every one, who has paid any attention to the proceedings before his Court, and we feel confident that the more they are investigated, the more will they be found to redound to his honour. Under this consideration we have considered the useless discussions which appeared in the Gazette [illegible] necessary; and we should not have been induced to [illegible] by being frequently [illegible] during criminal trials at which he administered [illegible] with [illegible] the eloquence of his [illegible] energy, zeal, [illegible] leading qualities, [illegible] are rarely [illegible] to predominate, [illegible] which in whatever [illegible] he called upon to [illegible] public capacity, will not be long be[illegible] a strong sensation on the [illegible] with regard to the discussions [illegible] alluded, we found ourselves [illegible] interested in a general sense, but [illegible] impressed on his favour by discover[illegible] all those discussions, although sheet [illegible] with assertions that SIR [illegible] was contrary to [illegible] and such particular cases, there was no breath of imputation against his purity of intention or his Judicial integrity. It is very possible in the fallible condition of humanity for the wisest to err on particular topics: but it is the consolation of those, who have to execute the arduous office of Judge—an office infinately more arduous in so limited a jurisdiction as that of an Indian Presidency, because in many instances he must be prepared to go counter to the current of popular opinion, to the risk of much comfort in the relations of private life, it is we say an invaluable consolation that judicial integrity does not rest on such founda-

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tions. In these and other cases, in which we have heard SIR EDWARD WEST'S conduct canvassed and depreciated, we have repeatedly endeavoured to discover what public or general principle was at stake, and as often, have we been led to the conviction, that however strenuously those who felt interested or were affected by his acts might insist upon technical irregularities or complain of harsh treatment, the public good was the only motive in the mind of the Judge, and that he was prepared at any hazard, at the risk of his ease, his domestic comfort, his social happiness to drag those whom he considered offenders to the open face of day, and to secure to the public the inestimable advantage of cheap justice. Higher praise than this we can give to no man, and when the memory of the trifling dissensions, which were the consequences of his boldness and intrepidity shall have vanished, his character will rest on its true basis—the public esteem and veneration.

SIR EDWARD WEST was in person rather below the middle size; he was well proportioned, but latterly was inclined to be corpulent. His face might in a general sense be called handsome; the forehead was well formed: it was smooth, high and broad, his nose was aquiline and the rest of his features in their due proportion rendered the whole countenance, when he was in health and disengaged from serious occupation particularly pleasing and attractive. The contour of his head was particularly striking, and gave an elevated and distinguished expression to his face. His eyes were of a light grey.

The remark upon seeing him, which a casual observer would make, would be perhaps that his countenance betrayed a great degree of susceptibility. Where his mind was in the least degree excited, his sensations appeared like lightning in his countenance. With respect to our experience of his public conduct, we must do him the justice to say, that if this was his constitutional infirmity, we have seen him gain the complete mastery over it under circumstances of the greatest provocation. In the transaction of ordinary business, his perfect knowledge of general principles, and that adroitness in detail, which is the result only of long practice, placed him so indisputably above the reach of insult, that he appeared to dispatch what was brought before him with the most perfect ease and coolness. In his judgments in more important cases, nothing could exceed his anxiety to arrive at a right decision; his language was in general terse, and to the point, without any effort at eloquence and his reasoning logical and conclusive.

With regard to the native population he was most anxious to give them the full benefit of English law. We have reason to believe that the native population did him full justice in this respect, and that a most deep and general regret prevails amongst them at his death.

Our Theatre opened last evening as was announced in our last, with the Comedy of the *Liar*, and the Melo-drama of the Two *Galley Slaves*, and we are happy to be able to bear testimony to the justice our Amatuers did both pieces; the principal Character in the Comedy *Young Wilding* was very ably supported by a gentleman who is quite a Stranger to us, as we do not recollect ever having seen him on our Boards before, but the ease and affrontery with which he indulged in what his Valet was pleased to term poetic prose was excellent, and we shall be glad to see him again. *Papillon* was as usual admirable and quite at home; he promises to be a great ornament to our Corps Dramatique. *Sir James Elliott*, we fear, has mistaken his fort, or imagines with too much certainty that age will perform the promises of youth; what he might have been at some earlier period we cannot say; but we would now *with all due deference* recommend his retirement from the dramatic Stage of life. *Old Wilding* was good, but he wanted that Spirit which we have seen him evince on former occasions, he played as if he did not like the character, we wish him something more to his taste next time.—We scarcely know what to say in praise of the Females, they were elegant in appearance and excellent in their performance, *Miss Grantham* was beyond all praise, her attitude, grace, and easy deportment, every thing we could have expected, and we hope she will long continue to lead the female characters of our little Theatre.

Miss. Godfrey only requires a little practice in Stage effect, and a more perfect acquaintance with the peculiarities of our Stage, to be an excellent actress.

Some songs were introduced, but we would recommend those who have the controlling power over these matters, to refrain from introducing vocal music, until they can get appropriate Music to accompany the voice, the Squeaking of the wry-necked fife, is but a poor accompaniment.

The melo-drama the *Two Galley Slaves* was conducted with much spirit, the merry dance, which now and then intervened was pleasing, and had a good effect on some of the audience who were dreadfully soporiferously disposed. The character of *Henry* was very well supported, he told the sad story of his life with much effect; the *Unknown* was excellent, and all that could be expected, *La Route* was good, his dress was well arranged, but we thought he looked too young. Our Friend, *Sir James* tryed it again, but it would not do, although aided by a beautiful Blue Silk Coat with Silver trimming, tights and Silk Stockings, still he was Sir James, although thus disguised, and personating another Character, we could at once discover him, we however take our leave of him as we do of all the others, in perfect good humour, satisfied as we are, that he has done all he could to please, and therefore receive him most cordially. We cannot close this notice, without expressing our approbation of the new scenery that was got up for the occasion, it does the gentleman great Credit whoever he may be, and we hope that in the beautiful Opera that was announced, and with which the house is to open in November next, where so much scenic effect is requisite, we may have some further Specimens of his Talent.

We were concerned to see that the kind efforts of our Amatuers met with such a want of patronage and encouragement, it will perhaps be sufficient to show how the play was attended, when we say that there were but Ten Ladies in the dress Boxes. How, we would ask? Can the public expect any thing from the Amatuers, when they meet with such coldness. It must be known by every one, how much the house is involved, and except the Public come forward as they do at the other Presidencies, in support of those who contribute their time and talents for their amusement, the Theatre will soon become a Cotton Warehouse, and the very name of a Theatre blotted out for ever, from the very restricted number of rational amusements in Bombay.

This subject we hope at some future period will be noticed by our correspondent *Spectator*, there is ample room for his faithful and just remarks, and he will no doubt be able to lay before us, some reasons for the unwillingness of this Society to give encouragement to the praiseworthy efforts of our Amatuers.

MADRAS.

CURRENT VALUE OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
Wednesday, August 13, 1828.

Six per Cent, Bengal Remittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription viz.
350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rs....28½ *Prem.*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs. 28½ *Premium*

Five per Cent, Bengal Unremittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription viz.
350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees .2½ *Discount*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs ½ *Discount.*

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

AUGUST 7th.—Ship Madras, Charles Beach, from Calcutta, 2d July.
— 9th.—Ship Clifton, G. A. Mitford, from the Mauritius, 10th July.
— Do.—Ship Copernicus, J. Stevens, from the Mauritius, 14th July, and Covelong 9th August.
— Do.—Ship Medina, J. Mordaunt, from Bombay 20th July.
— 10th.—Ship Augerona, Charles Redknap, from London 21st March.
— 11th.—Ship Caroline, J. Correya, from Vizagapatum, 2d July.

Passengers per Caroline.—Lieutenant L. M. M'Leod Ensign Pereira, Mr. Andrew Chyson, Sub-Conductor Buchan, and 1 servant.

DEPARTURES.

AUGUST 7th.—Ship Prince Regent, W. Richard for Calcutta.
— 9th, —Brig Johana, D. Laird, for Penang.
— Do. —H. C. Ship William Fairlie, Thos. Blair, for Penang, Singapore and China.
— Do. —Ship Anna Robertson, James Twine, for Calcutta.
— Do, —Ship Clifton, G. A. Mitford, for do,
— Do. —Ship Copernicus, James Stevens, for do.
— 12th. —Ship Medina, J. Mordaunt, for do.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS.

H. M. Ship Success, Captain J. F. Stoddart.
H. C. Ship Marquess, Captain J. Walker.
H. C. Ship Lord Lowther, Captain C Steward.
Ship Asia, Captain T. F. Stead,
Ship Indiana, Capt. James Webster,
Ship Madras, Captain Charles Beach.
Ship Angerona, Captain Charles Redknap.
Ship Caroline, Captain J Correya.
Ship L'Achille, Captain Seignac.
Bark Malvina, Captain J. M'Dermott.
Brig Sir Archibald Campbell, Capt. C. Robertson
Brig Henrietta, Captain Dentangue.
Brig Jean Pierre, Capt. J. Foncault.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

At Cuddalore, on the 18th July, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Fraser, of a Daughter.
At Coimbatoor, on the 26th July, the Lady of J Morton, Esq. of a Daughter.
In Black Town, on the evening of the 7th Instant, the Wife of Commissariat Staff-Serjeant Alexander Stewart, of a Son.
At Vepery, on Thursday the 7th Instant, Mrs. M. Blake, Wife of Mr. John Blake, of a Son.
On Wednesday the 6th Instant, the Wife of Mr. Thomas Wilmot, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's Church, by the Revd. Mr. Moorsom, on the 11th Instant, Lieut. H. Prior, 23d Light Infantry, to S. H. Bower, relict of the late Captain R. Bower.

At Vellore, on Sunday the 3d Instant, by the Rev. P. Fernandy, Catholic Missionary, Asst. Apothecary Anthony Manasse, of the 1st Extra Regt. to Miss Susanna Lerede.
At St. Thomas's Mount on the 13th August by the Rev. Mr. Blenkinsop, George Warder, of the Artillery Depot, to Maria King, eldest daughter of J. King, Arrack Godown Serjeant.

DEATHS.

On the 11th Instant, Isabella Ellen, youngest Daughter of Robert Clerk, Esq. aged 2 months and 16 days.
At Sea, on board the Ship Prince Regent, 17th June, Lieut. Colonel G. Maunsell, of this Establishment.
At St. Thomé, on the 10th Instant, the Infant Son of the Rev. Edmund Chrisp.
On the 5th August, much regretted by his Brother Officers, Ensign Arthur Heywood, of the 15th Regiment, accidentally drowned near Nagracoil, in Travancore.
At Palaveram, on the 11th Instant, James Howard, Infant Son of Captain J. P. James 2d Regt.
At Coimbatoor, on the 25th July Dorothea, daughter of J. Morton, Esq. aged one year and nine months

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MADRAS SPRING-MEETING, 1829.

THE COMMITTEE *for the* MANAGEMENT *of the ensuing* RACES, *have the pleasure to publish for general information the following* PLAN OF SPORT.

The Meeting will Open on Monday 19th January, (weather permitting), with

First Maiden.—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 700 Rupees each P. P. with 700 Rupees from the Fund, for all Arab Horses that never started for Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes. Heats 3 Miles, carrying 9 stone. To be closed on the 1st December 1828, at present 3 Subscribers.

Same Day.

Second Maiden—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 500 Rupees each P. P. with 500 Rupees from the Fund for all Arab Horses that never started for Purse, Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes. Heats 2 Miles, carrying 8 Stone 7lbs. to be closed on the 1st December 1828. At present 5 Subscribers.

Second Day, Wednesday, 21st January.

His Highness The Nabob's Cup value £100 for all Arab Horses, carrying 9 stone. Heats 3 Miles, to be challenged before 12 o'clock on the day of ageing and measuring—Challenge Stakes 200 Rupees, a bonâ fide Start by not less than two bonâ fide Horses or no Race.

Same Day.

Third Maiden.—A Maiden Subscription Purse of 300 Rupees each P. P. with 300 Rupees from the Fund, for all Arab Horses that never won Plate, Match, Purse or Sweepstakes, Heats, once round the Course, carrying 8 stone 5lbs.; to close on the 1st December 1828, at present 3 Subscribers.

Same Day.

A Sweepstakes for all Arab Horses, 20 Gold Mohurs each P. P., two miles, 11 stone. Gentlemen Riders. Second Horse to save stakes; winners subject to challenge for 1200 Rupees; 5 Subscribers closed..

Third Day, Saturday, 24th January.

The *Abercromby Cup*, on its terms. One three miles Heat, carrying 9st. 7lbs., challenge stakes 350 Rupees.

Same Day.

The Ladies Purse. 1000 Rupees from the Fund with a Hundred Rupees each Subscription for all Arab Horses, weight for inches. 14 hands carrying 8st. 7lbs. Heats 2 miles. Winners to carry 3lbs. extra.

Same Day.

Union Welter.—for all Arab Horses, 5 Gold Mohurs, P. P. one Mile and a half and a distance. Gentlemen Riders carrying 10st. The Winner if challenged in a quarter of an hour to be sold for 700 Rupees. Second Horse to save Stakes—to be closed on the 30th September 1828, at present 14 Subscribers.

Fourth Day, Monday, 26th January.

A Purse.—of 1000 Rupees from the Fund with 200 Rupees each Subscriber P. P. for all Arab Horses, weight for age, Byculla standard. Heats 2 miles. Winners once 3lbs., oftener 5lbs. extra.

Same Day.

A *Galloway.*—*Plate* of 600 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each Subscriber, P. P. to be added for all Arab and Country Horses, 13 hands 3 inches and under, carrying 8 stone; winners to carry 3lbs. extra. Heats, once round the Course and a distance.

Fifth Day, Wednesday, 28th January.

A Purse.—of 700 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each Subscriber, P. P. for the Beaten Maidens, that have started during the Meeting, to be handicapped by a Committee selected for the occasion,—a Subscriber to have the option of starting either his 1st, 2d or 3d Maiden. Heats, 2 miles.

Same Day.

Hunters' Stakes.—of 600 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees each Subscriber, P. P. for all Arab and Country Horses, 10st. 7lbs Country Bred and Cape Horses carrying 11st. Gentlemen Riders. Heats once round and a distance.

Sixth Day, Saturday, 31st January.

The renewal of the *Great Welter* for all Arabs 11st. 4lbs. Gentlemen Riders, Heats, once round the Course. 10 Gold Mohurs each P. P. Second Horse to save Stakes; to be closed on the 30th September 1828, at present 11 Subscribers.

Same Day.

A Plate of 700 Rupees from the Fund for the beaten Arab and Country Horses of the Meeting to be handicapped by a Committee selected for the occasion. Heats, once round the Course.

Same Day.

A Plate of 200 Rupees from the Fund, for Ponies 13 Hands and under, Catch Weights, once round the Course.

Chequered Heats.

A Horse walking over the Course for a Public Plate, will be entitled to *half* the amount only, the other *half* to revert to the Fund. The same Horse will not be allowed to walk over for more than one Public Plate.

The usual allowance of 3lbs. to Mares and Geldings; two Gold Mohurs entrance for each Horse. Double entrance and double Subscription if entered at the Post.

One Gold Mohur entrance for a Pony.

Any Horse not having previously paid his Entrance and Stakes to the Steward, will not be entitled to the Plate Purse, &c. should he come first.

All Private Matches, Subscriptions and Sweepstakes, to be run under the direction of the Committee, and the terms of the Race signed by the Parties concerned made over to the Steward by 9 o'clock A. M. on the day preceding the Race.

The day to be fixed for Ageing and Measuring to be announced hereafter; Horses with Shoes are allowed ½ of an inch.

Breakfast at the Race Stand each day of the Running, and a Ball and Supper at the close of the Meeting.

1st August, 1828.

BYCULLA STANDARD.

2 years a Feather.... 5 years 8st. 5lbs.
3 do. 7st. 4lbs..... 6 do. 8st. 12lb.
4 do. 7st. 12lbs.... Aged 9st.

HYDRABAD TURF MEETING.
OF
JANUARY 1829.

RACE TO COMMENCE ON THE 25 JANUARY.

1st Day.

1st Maiden.—A *Subscription Purse* of 500 Rupees each Subscriber, free for all Arab Horses who have never started for Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes, carrying 8st. 11lb. heats 2½ miles, 3 Subscribers, or no Race.

Same Day.

2d Maiden.—*Subscription Plate* of 350 Rupees each Subscriber, free for all Arab Horses who have never started for Plate Purse, Match or Sweepstakes, carrying 8st. 4lb. heats 2 miles, 3 Subscribers, or no Race.

2d Day.

The *Minister's Plate* of 2000 Rupees, free for all Arab Horses carrying 8st. 7lb. heats 3 miles, entrance 200 Rupees, 2 Subscribers, or no Race.

The Winner of this Plate will have to carry 5lbs. extra on any Race and may afterwards run for a Public Plate, during the Meeting.

Same Day.

The *5th Cavalry Cup* valued at 1000 Rupees, free for all Arab Horses who have never won, carrying 8st. 7lbs. heats 2 miles; entrance 100 Rupees, 2 Horses to start, or no Race.

3d Day.

A *Plate* given by the *Resident* of 1000 Rupees, free for all Arab Horses, weight for inches, 14 hands, carrying 8st. 7lbs. heats 2 miles, entrance 100 Rupees.

Same Day.

A *Plate* given by the *Assistants to the Resident* of 1000 Rupees, free for all Arab Horses, carrying 8st. 7lbs. heats 1½ miles and a distance, entrance 100 Rupees.

4th Day.

A *Galloway Plate* of 700 Rupees from the Fund, with 70 Rupees entrance to be added free for all Arab Horses, 13 hands 3 inches and under, carrying 8st. 4lb. heats 1½ miles.

Same Day.

The *Hydrabad Plate* of 1000 Rupees, free for all Arab Horses, carrying 8st. 4lbs. heats 2 miles, entrance 100 Rupees.

5th Day.

A *Plate* of 300 Rupees from the Fund, with 50 Rupees entrance to be added, free for all Horses, who ran on the 1st day as Maidens and lost, carrying 8st. 7lbs. 1½ miles heats.

Same Day.

The *Tally-ho plate* of 500 Rupees from the Fund, with 50 Rupees entrance to be added, free for all Arab Horses carrying 11 stone—Gentlemen Riders. One two mile heat, with a leap four feet high and two broad—the winner to be sold if challenged within 1½ hour for 1200 Rupees.

The 2d Horse to have the refusal, then the 3d and so on; and none but those engaged in the Race allowed to challenge.

6th Day.

The *Good Fellowship Plate* of 1000 Rupees from the Fund, free for all Arab Horses carrying 9st.—Heats 2 miles, entrance 100 Rupees.

Same Day.

Rajah Mooneer ool Moolk's Plate of 1000 Rupees, free for all Arab Horses, weight for inches, 14 hands, carrying 8st. 10lbs. Heats 1½ and a distance. entrance 100 Rupees.

7th Day.

A *Beaten Plate* of 300 Rupees from the Fund, and 50 Rupees entrance to be added, free for all Beaten Horses of the Meeting, carrying 8st. 10lbs. and 2 miles heat.

Same Day.

A *Pony Plate* of 200 Rupees from the Fund, and 30 Rupees entrance to be added, free for

…orses, 13 hands and under, catch …, once round the Course.

Same Day.

A Buggy Horse Plate of 300 Rupees from … and 30 entrance to be added, free … b Horses, who have bee… regularly driven in a Buggy carrying 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders. Once round the Course and a distance. No Horse to start for this Plate that has been mounted during the Month preceding the comm… Races.

REG…

1st.—All Horse… cluded.

2d.—⅛th of all … Plates.

3d.—Mares and Geldings …

4th.—A Horse walking over … for a Plate will only receive half the amount of that Plate, and no Horse will be allowed to walk over a second time.

5th.—Any Horse starting without his owner having previously paid his entrance Money and Stakes, shall be declared to be distanced.

6th.—The entrances to Public Plates of 1000 Rupees and upwards to revert to the Fund.

7th.—No Person will be allowed to enter a Post Horse for any Plate.

A. E. B.

HYDRABAD, *4th August* 1828.

N. B.—Subscriptions to the Maidens to be closed on the 15th of November.

A. E. B.

CALCUTTA.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY.	Aug. 2d 1828.	SELL.
25	8 Remittable Loan, (Prem.)	24 8
At Par	0 Old 5 per Cent. Loan, Disct.....	0 4
0 10	Prem New ditto Prem.....	0 2

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Government and Salary Bills 4 per Cent
Ditto on Private Bills and Notes .....7 Ditto
Interest on Loans on Deposit .....6 Ditto

COURSE OF EXCHANGE

BUY.	CALCUTTA.	SELL.
1 10½	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. R…	1 11

RATES OF EXCHANE,

BUY.	CALCUTTA.	SELL.
1 10½	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. Rs	1 11 a 2
Bombay 30 Days ditto per 100 Bombay Rs.....		98 0
Madras ditto Sa. Rs. per 100 Madras Rs.		91 0 a 92 0

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

JULY 31st.—Ship Victory, C. Farquarson, from Portsmouth 2d April, Cape 5th June, and Madras 21st July

August 3d.—Ship Shaw Inshaw, D. Taylor, from Rangoon 19th July.

— Brig City of Aberdeen, A. Duthie, from Glasgow 26th March.

— H. C. Steamer Irrawaddy, C. H. West, from Amherst Town 23d July.

August 4th.—Ship Elizabeth, W. Cock, from Port Jackson 4th April, Mauritius, and Madras 24th July.

Passengers per Ship Victory from London,—Mrs. Farquharson; Mrs. Harrington; Mrs. Sarvary;—Colvin, Esq. Agent; Lieutenant Savary, B. N. Infantry; Messrs. La Touche, French, Louis, and B. J. Colvin, Writers; Mr. Vaughan, Merchant; Mr. Baker, Engineers; Mr. Rogers, Veterinary Surgeon; Messrs. Dove and Singer, Merchants; Messrs. Cooper, Hampton, Colinson, Ferris, and Pocklington, Cadets; Serjeant John White, Corporal Joseph Gurolr. and four Privates, 11th Light Dragoons, in charge of His Excellency the Governor General's Horses.

From Cape.—Miss Brown; J. M, Macnabb, Esq B, C, Service.

From Madras.—H, S, Græme, Esq. Civil Service; Major Russell, Madras Cavalry; Mr, J. Grant Writer.

Per Ship Shaw Inshaw, from Rangoon.—Mr, Thomas Simpson, mariner.

Per Brig City of Aberdeen. A. Duthie, commander From Glasgow.—Mr J. G. Johnston, Supercargo.

DEPARTURES.

AUGUST 1st.—Ship Reliance, C, D, Hays, from Isle of France.

August 3d.—Ship Jane, L, W, Moncrief, for China

DOMESTIC OCCURENCES.

BIRTHS.

At Calcutta, on the 4th August, the Lady of G. A Bushby, Esq. Civil Service, of a Son.

At Sulkea, on the 24th July, Mrs. M. E. Fenwick of a Son.

At Berhampore, on the 28th July last, the Lady of Alfred Betts, Esq of Shekarpore, of a Daughter.

At Kurnaul, on the 28th July, Mrs. Ann Jordun, Wife of Riding Master Urial Jordun, of the 7th Light Cavalry, of a Daughter.

At Dacca, on the evening of Wednesday, the 30th July, the Lady of J. M. Farnworth, Esq. of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Calcutta, on the 28th July, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend Joseph R. Henderson, Mr. Collin, Campbell, to Miss Ann Sobian.

At Calcutta, on Tuesday, the 29th July, Mr John De Bruyn, to Miss Rosely Ferraõ Daughter of the late Mr. John Ferraõ

At Calcutta, on Wednesday the 30th July at the Cathedral, by the Reverend William Eales, William Smithson, Esq. to Miss Holdsworth.

At Calcutta, on the 31st July, at the Cathedral by the Reverend Joseph R. Henderson, Mr. Anthony Gonsalves, to Miss Elizabeth Priscilla Daniel.

DEATHS.

At Calcutta, on the morning of the 28th July, Mr. George Burt, aged 26 years, fifth Son of the late Adam Burt, Esq. M. D. of the Honorable Company's Service.

At Calcutta, on the 31st July, Mary Harriet Hovenden Aitken, aged 1 year and 9 months, Daughter of Mr. J. Aitken, Head Master of the Upper Orphan School, Kidderpore.

At Chowringhee, on the morning of the 3d August, at the house of Mr. A. Mercado, Mr. Richard Chalke, … in the Garrison Store-keeper's Office, aged …

… the evening of Wednesday, the 30th … Irvine, eldest Son of the Reverend …, H. C. Chaplain, aged 1 year and …

… Hospital, Calcutta on the 3d August … aged 49 years,

… on Sunday morning, the 3rd August at the School Bungalow, Charlotte, the well beloved Wife of James Robertson, Head Master of the Artillery Regiment School, aged 18 years.

At Barrackpore, on Thursday evening the 31st July, Edward, the Infant Son of Captain Charles Roger, 20th Regiment, aged 5 months.

At Garden Reach, on Saturday, the 2d August, Frederick York, the Son of Sir Edward Ryan, aged 1 year and 4 months.

CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

TERRITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The 31st July 1828.

Mr. R. Hunter, Salt Agent and Collector of Customs at Balasore.

Mr. J. H. D'Oyly, Collector of Midnapore.

Mr. J. C. Grant, Assistant to the Principal Assistant in the Western Division of the Delhi Territory.

Mr. A. P. Corrie, Assistant to the Secretary to the Board of Revenue Provinces.

THE FOLLOWING ARE GENERAL ORDERS ISSUED TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN INDIA.

Head Quarters, Simla, 8th July 1828.

No. 251. GENERAL ORDERS.

Captain Bonnamy, of His Majesty's 6th Foot, is appointed Aide-de-Camp to His Excellency Lieutenant General Sir T. Bradford, to have effect from the date of Embarkation, for England, of Lieutenant Ainslie, 4th Dragoons.

Division Orders by Major General Pine, under date the 19th June, directing Detachments of His Majesty's 11th Light Dragoons and 16th Lancers, to be held in readiness to proceed by water to Cawnpore and Meerut, under the Command of Captain Mylne, of the former Corps, and appointing certain Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Acting Staff thereto, are confirmed.

The Leave of Absence granted by Major General Pine, in extension, for One Month, from the 16th June, to Lieutenant Donnithorne 44th Regiment, to remain at the Presidency, on Medical Certificate, is Confirmed.

The undermentioned Officers have Leave of Absence;

4th Light Dragoons.—Cornet Cumberlege, One Year, to England, from date of Embarkation, on urgent private affairs.

13th Light Infantry.—Ensign White, in extension, from 16th June, and to remain at Meerut until the state of his health shall permit him to proceed to rejoin his Corps.

59th Foot.—Lieutenant Peake, to precede his Regiment to England, on Medical Certificate.

By Order of the Commander in Chief,

WILLOUGHBY COTTON,

Adjt. General H. M's Forces in Indie

The Bishop of Calcutta arrived from Bhaugulpore, a few days ago,—and, we regret to say, his Lordship's indisposition is so severe as to render a voyage to sea absolutely necessary. The Bishop will proceed to Penang immediately, on board the H. C. Ship *Marquis of Hunly.—Gov. Gaz. Aug.* 4.

By papers from Quebec it would seem that considerable excitement, and even insubordination, prevailed in Canada, especially on the part of the Militia, several of the officers of which were dismissed. Is it not likely, we suspect, that England can count much longer on the attachment of Canada?—*India Gaz. Aug.* 4.

On Friday last the 1st instant, a fine little ship of 372 tons was launched from the Yard of Messrs. W. S. Jop and Co at Sulkea, at about a quarter past 5 P. M. At a given signal the dog shore was knocked away, she was christened by Captain Clifford, of H. M. S. *Undaunted* the *Cavendish Bentinck*, and glided into the sacred waters of the Hooghly, in a most elegant and imposing manner amidst the cheers of a large concourse of surrounding spectators.—*Bengal Hurkaru, Aug.* 4.

SECOND *Calcutta Lotttery*

1828.

Sixth Day's Dra… July 29.

PRIZE…

No. 2500 Prize of 2000 …

No. 2850 Prize of 1000 Si…

Nos. 4179 4291 4409 3324 …

174 Prizes of 500 Sicca Rupees each.

Seventh Day's Drawing, July 31.

PRIZES.

Nos. 4641 4048 Prizes of 20,000 Sicca Rupees each.

No. 4742 Prize of 10,000 Sicca Rupees.

Nos. 4016 Prize of 2000 Sicca Rupees.

Nos. 2665 2264 1639 2839 Prizes of 1000 Sicca Rupees each.

Nos. 1427 2090 762 4052 1430 Prizes of 500 Sicca Rupees each.

Eight Day's Drawing, Aug. 2.

PRIZES.

Nos. 1383 4159 Prizes of 1000 Sa. Rupees each.

Nos. 182 732 3123 4100 4478 Prizes of 500 Sa. Rupees each.

Asiatic Selections.

INDUCEMENTS TO WRITE.

If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, a tilt run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, A hot sun, want of books, and of learning; but for these events I say, and some others too long to recite, I doubt the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away to a degree most woeful to behold.—*Tale of a Tub*

I know not if one or more or all these causes operate in India, but this I do know, that the number of authors and their productions, is in relation to the population, wonderfully small. If these causes do operate, and one at least I should think is strong enough—a hot sun—we should be the veriest race of book makers under that sun. But the times we live in, and those rendered illustrious by the name of Swift are of a different description, and his country and this are, alas! now different.

A rainy day produce a book, a pamphlet, a paragraph, a line? My readers, little do you know the interior of an Editor's sanctum or the hearts of his contributors, should you suppose a rainy day favorable to composition. Often, full often, have I sat in anxious expectation of a coming article, and not one line ready for the press; the rain begins to fall, and then I know the case is hopeless, and no article is forthcoming. 'Tis but the other day I called in a state of distraction on a first rate hand scarce could my bearers carry me through the deluged streets, he was smoking, is it to be credited reader a cheroot! "Charles" said I in a soothing tone, the rain has nicely cooled the air and moistened our fevered brains; an article Charles, if you love me." "An article" said he (puff, and a gentle taste of the creature which was at his side) "do you wish to catch the Cholera Morbus? Dont you know Dr.—— says, that the instant you cease smoking, when it rains, you risk your life?" I gave up the point. Another contributor asked me, how it was possible to turn his ideas to writing, while the heavens were discharging their streams in incessant, dull and monotonous succession. How could his poetical and chaste ideas revel among the beauties of nature when not an inch of blue sky existed to call one rapturous thought. A third grave writer of essays, I caught surrounded by tubs and pans, cursing, swearing, and sending himself headlong to a place, which in his productions he held forth as one to be sedulously avoided. His roof was leaking like a sieve, himself and furniture completly soaked, and his house one continued purling stream. Marvel not that he could not sit down to write, for he had not a dry stool whereon to seat himself withal. No, reader, look not for a production on a raining day. On such, a person has neither power nor inclination to use his brains; he may certainly sit down, and reading desultorily (for I will defy him to study) hoard up miscellaneous ideas for a future production, but to put them on paper in a methodical form, is out of the bounds of possibility.

A drunken vigil may in some cases be a good time for composition, but I should imagine seldom. There is a restless uneasiness, a conscious irritability, a thirsty excitement, highly unfavorable to that calm and regular state of mind required in inditing a good paraprah. This, neither "a couple of herrings red and a bottle of soda water" nor nor Lord Byron's hock added to that, will have the proper sedative effect. Look at a person the morning after a debauch, with bleared eyes, trembling nerves, and aching head, in which there is hardly two consecutive ideas; in whose ears are still ringing the drunken catches of the previous night and the echos of the glorious "four times four" just before he fell off his chair to kiss his mother earth among fragments of broken bottles. Is that the man to amuse the public? Let him wash the filthy witness off his hand, and clear his head, then it will be seen if he can do so or no. In partial intoxication indeed, it is said that many persons shine, that Byron's soul inspiring brains were distilled from the Juice of the Juniper, that living poets of fame require the produce of the wine, before they pour forth their enchanting melodies. It may be so, but it is while the fit is on and not after. Like the phrensied priestess of Delphi, when the incitement is gone, the subject relapses into tenfold inanition.

As for a fit of the spleen, it depends on its violence, whether a man can compose under it, or no. I have known a most bitter one of the cleverest and wittiest writers in such a fit, but this is the only species of composition ever tolerable in such a case. The prose splenetic writer will be dull, dry, and, notwithstanding attempting wit but forcing, and his shafts will be thrown by, immediately, by every person. But ordinarily in cases of spleen a man will compose his mind sufficiently to form ideas, combine them if formed, or if combined, deduce an inference. He will twist his chair before the table a dozen times, scrape his stool backwards and forwards till he kicks it away, mend his pen to the stump, yet never make a good one, spill the ink over his paper, and finally after having scratched on and spoiled half a quire of paper, kick chair, table, and every thing over at once.

A course of Physic, as it keeps a man at home, may perhaps induce him to write, but if he does, it must be sermons. A dose a day, (which by the bye is a small allowance) consumerably brings down a person's ideas, from high flights of fancy, to sober and serious reflections on earth and who in the name of poetry, can dash off a sonnet to Mary's eyebrow, or exalt Eliza's golden ringlets to the seventh heaven of praise, with the smell a of whole Apothecary's shop under his nose, and a row of empty phials before him, ranged like mummies in the catacombs of Egypt. Look at the man of medicine with slow and solemn step: does not his eye look ague, his manner portend fever, and his words sound of Cholera? Hark at the solemn direction to live on water gruel and eat nothing, under pains and penalties too grievous to mention. Is it of his patient you will expect an article? Look for water in the desert, or honesty in a Hindoo

A sleepy Sunday I do not much object against, for I confess many lucubrations of mine have been composed thereon; neither considering how many spend the day in a worse manner, do I think it very blameable, but yet on the whole Sunday should be devoted to other things. A man of office tied down morning until evening at his desk, without the power of leaving, for six days in the week, will hardly sit down again on the seventh to hammer his brains for an article. Besides which, in spite of ourselves a better and holier feeling will on that day, induce a more sober train of thought, than that which will ordinarily occur, and lead the mind to other ideas than those which a person must bring to the task of aiding in amusing the public. I regret to say, that … country, the feeling of respect for Sun… lent, and why it is diffi… make… had not yet … prehension. Conviction … but surely, a fierce fire glares once … eye he clasps his hands and rushes from the place of ruin. Follow that man to his own house, if his first steps lead not to the river side, and watch him there, a picture of hopeless

(*Continued in the Second Sheet.*)

BOMBAY.—PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE *PROPRIETORS*, AT THE GAZETTE PRESS, No. 10, MILITARY SQUARE, BY *THOMAS RIGBY*.

WHERE ADVERTISEMENTS, ESSAYS, POETICAL PIECES, ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE &c. &c. WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

Gentlemen about to change their Stations, are requested to give Notice thereof to the PROPRIETORS, who will pay due attention to their Orders.

SECOND SHEET.] THE BOMBAY GAZETTE. [SECOND SHEET.

WEDNESDAY, 27TH AUGUST 1828.

(Continued from the Gazette.)

never ending despair. Is it from this poor wretch, you would seek information? could he ever have addressed the world in strains fit for the ear of morality? if he could, then is he the more to be pitied and the greater has been his downfall. Situated as he is, he is but a mark for the finger of scorn, an example to be avoided by the lovers of order, but still an object for the deep and heartfelt commiseration of those, who truly possess the feeling which "droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."

How a long Tailor's bill is to promote the production of writing is certainly to me a mystery, unless it be that many an author has been compelled to make a *composition* on that account. This cause however I apprehend to be joined to the next mentioned by Swift, viz. a beggar's purse. In such a case a long bill of any one, when the means of discharging the same are not at hand, is a most serious evil, and completely upsets a man's ideas. It is not to be imagined that any one can sit down to pen a sober essay, light discourse, witty epigram, or bitter satire, when his doors are closed from fear of a bailiff, or when that active officer may himself appear walking about, anxiously eyeing his house for a means of entrance. Than this, few things can so completely destroy equanimity. The evils consequent on poverty, a hungry stomach, tattered clothes, old hat, &c. by no means tend to elevate the spirits or enlighten the understanding. The character of Martys in general stand deservedly high in the world; we hear of those who have died for their religion, and (dulce est pro patria mori) those who have suffered for their patriotism, but I never yet heard that they who died or suffered for the love of the muses were included in the list. Under these circumstances, where no credit is obtained for the pangs mentally, and bodily the evils are by no means reduced. Go not, therefore, to a poor author, or to one with a long bill (be the same tailor's, butcher's) or to one with a short purse, for an article. You may get it, but when you do, you might as well have been without it.

A factious head, is a fine thing, and from the heart attached thereto doubtless may spring many fine effusions: but in them nothing but politics is to be expected, and as to politics, no moderation: Is it ministerial oppression, or radical rebellion, is it a tax eating out the bowels of the poor, or execration on the highest person in the realm, you will have no lack of writers, and still less of readers. Heaven will be ransacked to furnish epithets of praise & adoration for the one, and every slang dictionary consulted to furnish terms of opprobrium for the other. Is there a man on one side, whose generous spirit disdains the trammels of ignorance and prejudice, and seeks to teach his fellows a better and more secure path, than that hitherto trodden, by the other party, he is set down as a visionary speculator or as actuated by mercenary motives; Is there a person, whose ancestors wedded to old and sacred institutions, have bred him up in similar opinions who zealously opposes those rash innovations on ancient customs and habits, which threaten to subvert the state, he is by the opposite party denominated a man a century behind his age, old, prejudiced, and bigoted, in fact an old woman. It is inconceivable to what party prejudice will drive mankind. But unless you wish to make your readers mad, a politican, (that is one who thinks of nothing else but politics) should be a last resource.

A hot sun—so far, I apprehend from being the cause of books being produced operates much in the contrary direction, not that I consider the sun itself as guilty of drying up prolific brains; but that habits, produced by a residence in a hot climate are unfavorable to literary results. These habits are gradually acquired by giving way to a relaxed system, instead of fighting against it—which if done, would I am convinced, tend greatly to subdue and abolish its influence in toto. A Military man rises early for parade, returns and twibbles into bed until breakfast; after that he goes to the stables and wanders there till tiffin time; from that until mess time, is occupied in smoking, drinking, talking of bets &c. and from mess till bed time needs no description. Of all military men this is not true; but of how many it is, I leave those who have seen to judge. A civilian—if he rises, takes his rides until breakfast,—after which he must have public business to attend to, and that until late—dinner arrives, and from that till bed time he smokes his hookah and talks (if of any thing else but cutchery) nonsense. If he be not that conscientious man, whose invariably unlimited duties occupy not his mind, instead of attending his office during the day, he studies the pedigree of his horses, worms his pupies, & lets thousands of unhappy suitors tire themselves at his gate. Such situations, I verily, believe, though not altogether are partially to be attributed to the hot climate, or feelings engendered thereby. To me it is equally the same and from personal experience, I can truly say trust to no man for it produces in every one habits unfortunately too hostile to literary production, as the low state of book writing in this country but too plainly evinces.

A want of books may so far often induce persons to write, because they have no other means of amusing themselves, but then such persons must naturally be *of* a literary turn of mind; if they be not, the writing will be arrant nonsense. The possession of or the want of good libraries is a fact only to be truly judged of by the studious and by them only to be truly appreciated. Yet how many do we daily see, possessing shelves filled with books of which they have read none, and still by means of obsequious flatterers obtaining the name of learned and clever.

The wants of learning indeed, may have produced books, from those who if duly informed would never have taken pen in hand, and who after all must be stupid writers. I know not even if the author of this essay may not be cited as an example of this very point who seeking for an article to fill a vacant page, has shewn plainly enough whence one is *not* to be expected, but where to look for one, from whom and under what circumstances, is by no means evident. Another essay may shew.

R.

(Calcutta Literary Gazette.)

English Extracts.

BISHOP HEBER.

It is long since the Christian world has sustained so heavy a misfortune as the death of Bishop Heber.* He was engaged in the most important duty that can fall to the lot of man—to superintend the conversion of British India; an office in which he had to look forward to the almost certain loss of health, and to engage in which, he had forsaken his beloved home and dearest connexions. He had left that station in which his soul delighted; the spiritual charge of a country parish: a station of life in which perhaps more of happiness is to be found than in any other. There is none in which the conscientious discharge of duty meets with so quick a return of love and respect, and none, in a comparatively private sphere, in which such a man as Reginald Heber could be so useful to others. How deeply he felt the sacrifice which a higher call imposed upon him, may be learned from the last sermon which he preached to his mourning congregation at Hodnet.

"My ministerial labours among you must have an end; I must give over into other hands the task of watching over your spiritual welfare and many, very many, of those with whom I have grown up from childhood, in whose society I have passed my happiest days, and to whom it has been during more than fifteen years my duty and my delight (with such ability as God has given me) to preach the gospel of Christ, must in all probability, see my face in the flesh no more. Under such circumstances, and connected with many who now hear me by the dearest ties of blood, of friendship, and of gratitude, some mixture of regret is excusable, some degree of sorrow is holy. I cannot, without some anxiety for the future, forsake, for an untried and arduous field of duty, the quiet scenes where, during so much of my past life I have enjoyed a more than usual share of earthly comfort and prosperity; I cannot bid adieu to those, with whose idea almost every recollection of past happiness is connected without many earnest wishes for their welfare, and (I will confess it) without some severe self-reproach that, while it was in my power, I have done so much less than I ought to have done, to render that welfare eternal. There are indeed, those here who know, and there is *One*, above all, who knows better than any of you, how earnestly I have desired the peace and the holiness of His church; how truly I have loved the people of this place; and how warmly I have hoped to be the means, in His hand, of bringing many among you to glory. But I am at this moment but too painfully sensible that in many things, yea in all, my performance has fallen short of my principles; that neither privately nor publicly have I taught you with so much diligence as now seems necessary in my eyes: nor has my example set forth the doctrines in which I have, however imperfectly, instructed you; yet, if my zeal has failed in steadiness, it never has been wanting in sincerity. I have expressed no conviction which I have not deeply felt; have preached no doctrine which I have not stedfastly believed: however inconsistent my life, its leading object has been your welfare—and I have hoped, and sorrowed, and studied, and prayed for your instruction, and that you might be saved. For my labours, such as they were, I have been indeed most richly rewarded, in the uniform affection and respect which I have received from my parishioners; in their regular and increasing attendance in this holy place, and at the table of the Lord; in the welcome which I have never failed to meet in the houses both of rich and poor; in the regret (beyond my deserts, and beyond my fullest expectations) with which my announced departure has been received by you; in your expressed and repeated wishes for my welfare and my return; in your numerous attendance on the present occasion, and in those marks of emotion which I witness around me, and in which I am myself well nigh constrained to join. For all these, accept such thanks as I can pay—accept my best wishes—accept my affectionate regrets—accept the continuance of the prayers which I have hitherto offered up for you daily, and in which, whatever and wherever my sphere of duty may hereafter be, my congregation of Hodnet shall (believe it!) never be forgotten.'

It is not consistent with the object of this short notice to trace, step by step, Bishop Heber's progress in India. It is enough to say that he accomplished in three years, more than one less zealous, less eminent in talent, and less simple in heart, could ever have effected. He gained the affections of those whom he came to convert, proving by his affectionate concern for them, that, like the Great Head of the Church, he was their true Shepherd, and as he had laid down every comfort, so, if necessary, he was ready to lay down his life in their service. And so he did; and he has left a sound foundation for the Church of Christ, on which we pray that his successors may raise a permanent and beautiful structure.

But where can we hope to find a successor whose zeal will be so tempered with meekness, and so elevated by talent; whose energy will be so enlivened and supported by apostolical enthusiasm; whose industry, though united to genius, will be such, as if that humble virtue alone were (with the assisting grace of God) sufficient to support him through his divine embassy; whose love to God and to his brother will be so fervent and so pure?

We cannot conclude this brief notice better than by quoting his own beautiful lines:

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was Thy ransom, Thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!"

* Reginald Heber was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, April 21, 1783. He was distinguished at an early age as the Author of "Palestine," a production which obtained for him at once a high place among our English poets. In 1816 he published his Bampton Lectures, which established his reputation as a divine; six years after this period he added a valuable life of Jeremy Taylor, and a criticism on his writings, to a new edition of the works of that great and excellent prelate. His hymns, a volume of which have just been published, display an exalted imagination and deep religious feeling. He was consecrated Bishop of Culcutta in the year 1823; arrived in India in October of the same year and died on the 3rd April 1826 at Trichinopoli.

BISHOP HEBER'S JOURNAL.

Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India, from Calcutta to Bombay, &c. &c. By the late Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta, 2 vols, 4to. Murray. London, 1828.

General Aspect of the Country in Hindoostan.

'November 13.—From Futtehgunge to Furreepoor is seven coss, through a country equally well cultivated, and rather prettier, as being more woody than that which I saw yesterday. Still, however, it is as flat as a carpet. The road is very good, and here, I will allow, a gig might travel well, and be a convenience, but it would have made a poor figure in the plashy country on the other side of Lucknow, and have not been very serviceable in any part of the King of Oude's territories. We encamped in a smaller grove of mangoe-trees than the four or five last had been, but the trees themselves were very noble. The chief cultivation around us was cotton. The morning was positively cold, and the whole scene, with the exercise of the march, the picturesque groups of men and animals around me, the bracing air, the singing of birds, the light mist hanging on the trees, and the glistening dew had something at once so Oriental and so English, I have seldom found any thing better adapted to raise a man's animal spirits, and put him in good temper with himself and all the world. How I wish those I love were with me! How much my wife would enjoy this sort of life,—its exercise, its cleanliness, and purity; its constant occupation, and at the same time, is comparative freedom from form, care, and vexation! At the same time, a man who is curious in his eating, had better not come here. Lamb and kid, (and we get no other flesh,) most people would soon tire of. The only fowls which are attainable are as tough and lean as can be desired; and the milk and butter are generally seasoned with the never failing condiments of Hindoostan, smoke and soot. The milk would be very good, if the people would only milk the cow into one of our vessels, instead of their own, but this they generally refuse to do, and refuse with much greater pertinacity, than those who live near the river. These, however, are matters to which it is not difficult to become reconciled; and all the more serious points of warmth, shade, cleanliness, air, and water, are, at this season, no where enjoyed better, than in the spacious and well-contrived tents, the ample means of transport, the fine climate, and fertile regions of Northern Hindoostan. Another time, by God's blessing, I will not be alone in this Eden; yet I confess there are very few people whom I greatly wish to have as associates in such a journey. It is only a wife, or a friend so intimate, as to be quite another self, whom one is really anxious to be with one while travelling through a new country.

'The Tusseeldar called again this afternoon, and brought three more lambs or goats: I am not sure which, for both are called "buckra" here. I however thought it too bad to take the firstlings of his flock, in this unmerciful manner, and declined them as civilly as I could, giving him, at the same time, a certificate of my satisfaction with his attentions, with my great seal appended; a distinction of which I have discovered the value in native eyes, and mean only to give it to gentle folks. He took his leave with a profusion of compliments, having got a "neknamee," or character, and kept his mutton.

'November 14.—From Furreedpoor to Bareilly is a distance of eight short coss, not much more than twelve miles; but to the cantonment, in the neighbourhood of which my tent was pitched, it is a mile and a half less. Mr. Hawkins, the senior Judge of Circuit, had offered the use of a large room in a house of his, in the immediate neighbourhood of my encampment, for divine service; and I had the pleasure to finding a numerous congregation, of the civil and military officers, with their families, as well as a good many of humbler rank, chiefly musicians attached to the regiments stationed here, with their wives. I had, I think, sixteen communicants.

'Bareilly is a poor ruinous town, in a pleasant and well-wooded, but still a very flat country. I am told, that, when the weather is clear, (it is now hazy,) the Himalya mountains are seen very distinctly, and form a noble termination to the landscape. Nothing, however, of the kind is now to be seen though the distance is barely sixty miles. The nights and mornings are become, really, very cold, and in my tent, I find a blanket, a quilt, and my large cloak, no more than enough to keep me comfortable.' Vol. 1. pp. 437—439.

Unhealthiness of Forest Belts.

'I had been for some time in much doubt as to the expediency, after the many delays which I had experienced in my journey, of proceeding to Almorah, but what I heard during these few days of Bareilly, determined me in the affirmative. Though an important station, it has never been visited by any clergyman; and I was very anxious, not only to give a Sunday to its secluded flock, but to ascertain what facilities existed for obtaining for them the occational visits, at least, of a minister of religion, and for eventually spreading the gospel among these mountaineers, and beyond them, into Thibet and Tartary. The former of these objects I have good hopes of being able to accomplish; a residence in these cold and bracing regions may, in many cases, do as much good to chaplains and missionaries, exhausted by the heat of the plains, as a voyage to Europe would do; and good men may be well employed here, who are unequal to exertion in other parts of our Eastern empire. To the second there are many obstacles, not likely, as yet, to be overcome; and, in encountering which, considerable prudence and moderation will be necessary. But there are facilities and encouragements also, which I did not expect to find; and, if God spare me life and opportunities, I yet hope to see Christianity revived, through this channel, in countries where, under a corrupted form indeed, it is said to have once flourished widely, through the labours of the Nestorians. My opinion, as to the advantage which might arise from such a visit, was fully confirmed; and I found reason to believe, that late as the season was, and much as I have to do, the present is likely to be the best, if not the only, oppor-

tunity for such an excursion.

'The whole skirt and margin of the mountains are surrounded by a thick forest of nearly two days' journey, with a marshy soil, and an atmosphere, during two-thirds of the year, more pestilential than the Sunderbunds, or the Grotto dei Cani; a literal "belt of death," which even the natives tremble to go near; and which, during the rains more particularly, the monkeys themselves are said to abandon. After the middle of November this is dry, practicable, and safe; so that the very delays which have thrown my arrival in Rohilcund so late, have given me an opportunity, which may, under the usual circumstances of my visitation, never have occurred, of penetrating into Kemaoon. Already I am told me, that, except [illegible] a journey into the [illegible] undertaken by [illegible] camels, elephants, tents, even horses, such as are usually ridden in the plains, must be left behind at Bamoury Ghat, and that nothing but mules, mountain ponies, the "yak," or Thibet-cow, and active unencumbered foot-passengers can make their way along the tracks, and beside the pricipices, which are to be traversed. This, if true, destroys much of the hope which has already reconciled me, to leaving many interesting spots unvisited, that I might see them at some future opportunity, with my wife and children; and though I have little doubt that these difficulties are greatly exaggerated, still it is plain, that without a previous reconnoitering, I could never take them such a journey, in defiance of such assurances. For the present excursion, Captain Satchwell, the acting Commissary-General of the district, promised me the use of some mules, which government was sending up to Kemaoon, for the public service there. Mr. Boulderson, the collector, offered me the loan of an experienced and able pony; and I received a letter from Mr. Traill, the Commissioner for the affairs of the hill countries, offering me every assistance in the last four mountain stages. Under these circumstances, I made up my mind not to miss the opportunity, and arranged to send off my tents, &c. on Wednesday evening, being the earliest moment in which my necessary arrangements could be completed.

'November 17.—This day was chiefly taken up in packing. My plan was to take my whole caravan to Bamoury, at the first rise of the hills where the air is cooler, and supplies are plentiful, and leave them encamped there till my return.—Vol. I. pp. 443. 445.

First View of the Himalya Mountains.

'In the afternoon, Mr. Boulderson took me a drive in his buggy. This is a vehicle in which all Anglo-Indians delight, and certainly its hood is of great advantage, by enabling them to pay visits, and even to travel, under a far hotter sun than would be otherwise endurable. The country, however, in this neighbourhood, and every where except in the immediate vicinity of the principal stations, is strangely unfavourable for such vehicles. Our drive was over ploughed fields, and soon terminated by a small, but, to us, impassable, ravine. We had, however, a first view of the range of Himalya, indistinctly seen through the haze, but not so indistinctly as to conceal the general form of the mountains. The nearer hills are blue, and in outline and tints resemble pretty closely, at this distance, those which close in the vale of Clwyd. Above these rose, what might, in the present unfavourable atmosphere, have been taken for clouds had not their seat been so stationary, and their outline so hard and pyramidical, the patriarchs of the continent, perhaps the surviving ruins of a former world, white and glistening as alabaster, and even at this distance of probably, 150 miles, towering above the nearer or secondary range, as much as these last, (though said to be 7,600 feet high,) are above the plain in which we were standing. I felt intense delight and awe in looking on them, but the pleasure lasted not: many minutes the clouds closed in again, as on the fairy castle of St. John, and left us but the former grey cold horizon, girdling in the green plain of Rohilcund, and broken only by scattered tufts of peepul and mangoe trees.

'November 19.—This morning we went seven coss to Sheeshghur, over a worse cultivated country than the last day's and one which had, evidently, suffered much from want of rain. The heavy and happy fall, which had given plenty to Oude and the Dooab, did not extend here, and except in a few places, where irrigation had been used, the rice and India corn had generally failed and the wheat and barley were looking very ill. Where there are rivers or streams, irrigation is practised industriously and successfully, but there are few wells, and they do not seem, as in the Dooab and Oude, to draw water from them by oxen, for their fields. The rain which falls is, in most seasons, said to be sufficient.

'On leaving our encampment, we forded the river Baligool, and afterwards, once or twice, fell in, during our march, with its windings. At last, soon after the sun rose, and just as we had reached a small rising ground, the mist rolled away, and showed us again the Himalya, distinct and dark, with the glorious icy mountains, towering in a clear blue sky, above the nearer range. There were four of these, the names of three of which Mr. Boulderson knew; Bhadrinath Kedarnath, and the peak above the source of the Ganges, the Mt. Sumeru of Hindoo fable. The fourth, to the extreme right, he did know, and I could not find it in Arrowsmith's map. Bhadrinâth he told me, is reckoned the highest. From hence, however, it is not the most conspicuous of the four. That we saw the snowy peaks at all, considering their distance, and that mountains, twice as high as Snowdon, intervened is wonderful. I need hardly say, that I wished for my wife to share the sight with me. But I thought of Tandah, and the Terrai, and felt, on recollection, that I should have probably been in considerable uneasiness, if she and the children had been to pass the intervening inhospitable country.

'Sheeshghur, is a poor village, on a trifling elevation, which is conspicuous in this level country. It has a ruinous fort on its summit, and altogether, with the great surrounding flat, and the blue hills behind it, put me in mind of some views of Rhydlan. The Clwydian chain, indeed, [illegible] crowned by such noble pinnacles, as Bhadrinath, and Gangotree, but I could not help [illegible] now, and I felt it still more, when I began to attempt to commit the prospect to paper, that the awe and wonder which I experienced, were of a very complex character, and greatly detached from the simple act of vision. The [illegible] is, by itself, and without some objects to form a comparison, unable to judge of heights at such a distance. Carneth, Llewellyn, and Snowdon, at certain times in the year, make, really, as good a picture as the mountains now before me; and the reason that I am so much more impressed with the present view, is partly the mysterious idea, of awful and inaccessible remoteness attached to the Indian Caucasus, the centre of earth.

'"Its altar, and its cradle and its throne;"

And, still more, the knowledge derived from books, that the objects now before me, are really among the greatest earthly works of the Almighty Creator's hands—the highest spots below the moon—and out-topping, by many hundred feet, the summit of Cotapaxi, and Chimborazo.'—Vol. I. pp. 449, 451.—

TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY.

THE GOOSE AND GRIDIRON.

A LEGEND OF PAUL'S

CHAPTER THE FIRST,

I smell some l'envoy, some Goose in this.
SHAKESPEARE.

It was no trifling convenience to the choice-spirits of a former day, who, like *Captain Boabdil*, did not wish "the gallants of their acquaintance to be possessed with the knowledge of their lodging," to have the extensive neutral ground of the Public Ordinaries, and Paul's-Walk. In either of these,—no matter in how despicable a covert the remainder of his time was passed, or in how miserable a dormitory he rested at night,—in either of these might the young London beau, whose spirit exceeded his revenues, shew himself, transmewed from the slough of his homely garments, absolutely fashioned, *point-device*, in the newest raiment of the day; and comport himself with as much lordliness, and be received with as much worship, as if he had lived in a palace, or had slept upon down. Oh London! old, old London! whimsical old London! good old London! merry old London! these were the now-forgotten haunts of many a light-hearted, yet penny-less, roysterer of thine ancient sons: surely it must be a good deed to revive some of the luxurious and jovial scenes which they witnessed; so here follows a singular historical passage in the life of a young Cavalier intimately connected with them. The descriptions, which were sketched glowingly at the time, are by no couthless hand; they have all the freshness and life which mere mortal pen-and-ink can be expected to possess: and so, as the things themselves have passed away; as old Paul's and the Ordinaries are gone "nothing," as one anciently said when lamenting after Christmas, "but the hair of their good grey head and beard left, we must have that, seeing that we cannot now have more of them."

The Church-yard of St. Paul's, in which some of the best Ordinaries were once kept, presented, about the middle of the seventeenth century, an appearence very different to that which it now exhibits. The Cathedral itself was seated in a green burial-ground, decorated with trees, and was surrounded by a stone wall, which, in the Parliamentary times, was watched by a military guard. Concerning these soldier-watchmen, it is known only that they possessed the usual quantity of impudence, so common in Cromwell's troopers; since there is yet extant a Parliamentary Order, which censures their calling out to, and rudely examining, inoffensive passengers; and which commands that they shall not be found "riotous, or playing at nine-pins at unseasonable hours, that is to say, between nine in the evening, and six on the following morning."

Above the wall which was thus protected, arose the old Church of St. Paul; it's general form resembling the more ancient Cathedrals of England, but blended with many features of Roman architecture, in the additions and alterations made by Inigo Jones. In the centre of the building was a massive square tower, supported by flying buttresses, and lighted by very long lancet windows, with vacant arches pierced above them. To the East stretched away the long Choir, with it's windows and pinnacles of rich Gothic; whilst the Western limb of the Church, together with the great North and South entrances, shewed of so modern a character, that they greatly resembled the motley suit of a jester, of which one of the runs is red, and the other yellow. The portico of the present day has a considerable resemblance to that which decorated the Western door of ancient Paul's, excepting that the latter was ornamented with the effigies of the Kings James and Charles I., and had a flat top, with balustrades, which, in the riotous days of the Civil Wars, were filled with Milliners' and Seamstresses' shops, built in wooden lofts over the rich Corinthian columns; and to which staircases were carried up, in utter defiance of all beauty, propriety, or reverence for the sacred nature of the building. On the right of the Western entrance, arose a small Chapel and tower, dedicated to St. Gregory; and somewhat beyond, joining to the South door, appeared the outer walls of the beautiful cloister, with the gorgeous octagonal Chapter-house rising above them.

The houses of such persons as dwelt, at the period which we are now describing, in St. Paul's Church-yard, were in many instances built against the stone walls of the Church itself; whilst their closets were cut into the cemeteries of the dead, and their fires were kindled against the carved pillars of the edifice. These evils were not remedied until the Cathedral was repaired, after the Restoration; but many changes had already taken place about the sacred dome, such as the destruction of it's beautiful Preaching-Cross, the changing of the whole West end into a horse-quarter, filling it with the bigoted impiety of Parliamentary troopers, and permitting the Puritanic malignants of the day to walk about covered, smoking, and talking in the Choir, even at the very hours when divine service was being celebrated.

Such, then, was the state of St. Paul's Church at the time when our history commences; at which period, it is also proper to mention, that one of the houses adjoining to the Cathedral, on the South side, was kept by a Bookseller called Gabriel Fitz-Lawrence, who, in allusion to his name, erected in the front of his house the sign of the Gridiron; and that one of the Milliner's shops, above the Western portico, was known by the effigy of a Golden Goose, and belonged to one Jael Straitlace, a Puritan, who never failed to lecture most lengthily on the vice of pride in apparel, even whilst he was selling point-lace ruffs, richly worked boot-tops, embroidered folding-bands, and gilded poking-irons. There were many strange reports abroad concerning Master Fitz-Lawrence, chiefly because there was not any thing certainly known relating to him; some said that he was a wealthy Romanist; and some, that he had elected his sign to commemorate his being possessed of a part of the indentical holy Gridiron upon which St. Lawrence was martyred of which it was an exact model, and to which the peculiar privilege was attached, of it's bars becoming stained with blood before the death of any persons connected with it's owner. It was also added, that several deep and indelible red marks had lately been seen across it; which were followed, about the times of this narrative, by the death of Fitz-Lawrence, himself; but of this there is no certain account, inasmuch as some who professed to have seen them, declared them to have been merely the stains of red rust: but that was an age of unbelief, although the times presented the scene of a continual miracle.

From this sketch of the Cathedral, and the adjacent buildings, we must, however, turn, to begin the ensuing narrative in the proper place It was here, then, upon an October night, in the year 1643, that three worthy frequenters and supporters of one of the houses on the North side, near to the Bishop of London's Palace,—now known as London [illegible] called the Duke's Ordinary, [illegible] Church-yard, were seated in [illegible] chamber, before a peculiarly [illegible] which was covered with the [illegible] carousal. A wood fire blazed o[illegible] a very wide chimney, the mante[illegible] supported by massive oaken Sat[illegible] scroll-work down the sides, stret[illegible] carved cornice far into the ro[illegible] were overclouded without, and [illegible] damask curtain was drawn befo[illegible] cess that contained the bay w[illegible] ancient brazen cresset sustaine[illegible] cient to give the tapestry lining [illegible] ment a strange air of quaint rea[illegible] flickering glare of the fire-brai[illegible] most to impart a motion to t[illegible] were wrought upon it. The ta[illegible] with flasks and bright pewter[illegible] the characters of the gallants [illegible] "raising the night-owl in a Ca[illegible] well known for them to be tru[illegible] flagons;—there were also dice, [illegible] tered about, and all the materi[illegible] above period, were used in th[illegible] bacco;" such as the ladle, th[illegible] ming-iron, the highly-prized M[illegible] burnt to a jet black by consta[illegible] with good store of Virginia, [illegible] Pudding-tobacco,

The persons who had be[illegible] feast, although they were each [illegible] in the most extravagant habit o[illegible] time, had still a marked differ[illegible] pearance. One of them, wh[illegible] fire, was clothed in the dress [illegible] soldier; which, however, he [illegible] with such determined effronte[illegible] resembled a bravo, whom his [illegible] into good clothes; whilst the [illegible] his features was so much he[illegible] compotations that he had been swallowing, that it was now become of a deep red brown, which a large bushy head of black hair, and immense, curling moustaches, also contributed to render yet more impudently villainous. This ruffian, whose profession was to attend as a cavaleiro champion at the Duke's Ordinary,—for which, as a curious old author observes, "he made up his mouth at his Host's cost gratis, for keeping the table in good fooling."—had drawn his swordbelt round in front, thrown his rapier,—of no trifling length,—fiercely between his legs put his hat and enormous feather loosely on his head, and seemed altogether equally ready to commence a quarrel, or to support it. The other two persons, although they had been equally sharing of the banquet of wine with this most valorous character, were, nevertheless, not so much infuriated by it's inspiriting powers; although their evinced that it had not been slack in doing it's good office. One of them appeared to be a shrewd calculating gamester, with no little of the knave visible in his arch features; and [illegible] was, unquestionably, the most [illegible] party, had that free rakish air, [illegible] distinguished the Cavaliers of [illegible] century, and seemed like one [illegible] nally frequented the company [illegible] gamesters for amusement only, [illegible] given his fortunes to "the haz[illegible] had been compelled to become [illegible] the Ordinary; a wit for the tab[illegible] for the gaming-room. All this [illegible] evident from the boisterous m[illegible] flashing humour which he conti[illegible] ed,—for they who have pursued [illegible] of life, usually drown reflection i[illegible] aberance of gaiety,—that in the [illegible] jests which he passed upon the [illegible] and folly of his companions, and the worthless life, which he himself was compelled to lead with them. Such, then, was the scene in the dining-room at the Duke's Ordinary, which, on that evening, was deserted by all but these it's most unalienable attendants; whose conversation, if it might be so denominated, ran in the following strain.—

"Do me reason, my Masters," Æneas Backsword, the bully already described "do me reason, camarados, for that last Catch in a full flagon, and then we'll to't again; for your jolly song draws on your bright liquor marvellously well. The German says the good singer is the good drinker,—*hiccup!*—very well—very well,—then, an't the good drinker the good singer? tell me that, knaves!—I'm a good drinker,—I've drunk with all the States in Christendom; and have learned to—*hiccup!*—yes, I've learned to drink grammatically,—*hiccup!*—aye, mathematically,—I've been *upzee-freeze* with your Dutchman and your Almaine; I've taken the *Rowsa* with your Dane; I've been *Parmisant* with your Italian, and——"

"Dead drunk with any body, Ancient Backsword," said Harry Fleetwit, the third of the party; "any company, like any boots, are good enough to drink in, my most valorous skenker."

"Muerta!" exclaimed the enraged Ancient, vainly endeavouring to rise and draw his sword; "Muerta! he dies for that, an' I were to be hanged to-morrow on the top of Paul's tower."

"All in good time, man," said Fleetwit, laughing at the powerless attempts which the intoxicated Ancient was making to attack him; "never fear; I'll answer for your being forthcoming when Goodman Derrick has gotten ready your last cravat.—Nay keep your hand from your sword, and know your friends; an't I your *ghostly* adviser?"

"You're a *spirit* I mean to lay flat with my toledo; here," returned the [illegible]

[illegible] to the tune of the *'Three Cheaters.'*"

"Now the basto upon you Harry Fleetwit, answered Suretrump; "who shall praise the jolly Carders and Wit of Paul's, when one of the house stakes against them?"

"Those by whom these unknown," said Fleetwit, with a bitter laugh; "at least I have

no case to praise the game I've played with them. I began a dicer, and have ended a villain!—No,—all's not ended yet.—Pshaw!—this is melancholy, my Masters.—Fill up!—Here's our noble selves!—for—

'We three merry men be,
As ever were found upon land or sea;
At drinking, or dicing, are we,
The gallantest lads in London!

Thou hast a hand that will cast a main,
And *thou* hast a sword will that cast maintain
And I have a wit that will foil the brain,
Of the gallantest lads in London?'"

"Why, this is life, now," began Ancient Backsword, "give me your short pithy songs,—*Changons à boire*,—as your Frenchman saith,—not the long moralities that outlast the drinking of a gallon of Canary.—More, more! I pray you more, comrade!"

"Still the cry of the Horseleech," said Fleetwit "what have such as we to be joyful for! Wherefore should we sing? Is not our reputation gone? and are not we vile, even to a proverb?—No matter! when the night is dark, let the mirth should be the loudest:—

Came fill the cup to-night,—to-night,—
For the sun hath sunk away;
And let the wine be bright,—be bright,—
And that shall make our day.
For when the disk of Phœbus flies,
And hides his golden head,
The star of Bacchus then should rise
To light the world instead,'.

"On on, my mates! this beats Lanterloo and Costly Colour, as your El Flux wins Primero," cried Suretrump "it's the gallantest game I've played this many a night."

"You 're right," said Fleetwit, "for drinking and singing have somewhat less of sin, than dicing and defrauding. Oh! for you, one might parodize the '*Toper's Delight*,' and say—

'When Parsons preach, and virtue teach,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I am,—that I can game.
With aught that wears a hood
I'll pluck my pigeon bare,—quite bare,
And make him go full cold;
But I will have a gamester's share
Of all his flying gold.'"

"Well hit, Fleetwit!—hit in the white, most exquisite Fleetwit! shouted Backsword; "another shaft at the butts, man."

"Nay, most valorous Ancient, an' I draw my bow at a venture, it were enough for, missing him, there's as arrant folly for my bolt to find elswhere."

"Hark!"—added Fleetwit, upon hearing the distant and fearful shriek of a female, in the Church-yard below,—"there's the voice of a woman in distress! Now, good rapier, come forth! who follows me?"

"Not I," said Suretrump, "I'm not to be caught by such a stale; it is but a Bona-roba caurting Paul's Guard."

"More likely," answered Fleetwith, "that it's those prick-eared Roundheads going on their old games of———There it is again! by Cock and Pie I'll begone! O that I could cry 'clubs' now, and bring down upon them all the good boys of the City."

"Go,—go then, Master Fleetwit, and get thrown into Ludgate for your pains;"—then in a lower tone, Suretrump added to Backsword, "let him go, and fair riddance, too; we can then meet Straitlace to-night without his witting of our schemes. Remember, Bully Backsword, though, that ye must put on Eccles' vein to-night; we must play the High-game with Double Aun;—mark ye me?

By this time Fleetwit had reached the Church-yard, where he saw a female, young and handsome,—although her beauty was somewhat of a masculine character—struggling with two of the soldiers who were on duty at the wall. "Come, come, Mistress," cried one "though you may live in Paul's, yet as you can't give any account of yourself, we shall shut you up in Ludgate."

"Nay," said the female, "that ye dare not do, seeing that I have already told you I am an inhabitant of the house next St. Gregory's Chapel. You will get small thanks from your Commander, I trow, for disturbing the King's loyal subjects."

"Have her away, fellow Purefaith," said the other; "she's a malignant, and a worshipper of images, with her Kings and St. Gregories."

"Hark you, villains," said Fleetwit, coming up with his drawn rapier at the instant, "unless you immediately set that female at liberty, why let your buff-jackets look to it."

"And who art thou who railest on the soldiers of the godly Cromwell? you shall answer this to the Lord General, said Purefaith.

"I will answer it *to his* Lord; I am a man and a loyalist, and therefore thine enemy," replied Fleetwit: then calling to a person who was passing the spot, wrapped in a mantle, he cried out, "Ho! gentleman! an thou be'st a true subject to King Charles, and a gallant man, assist me against these canting rebels On—on!—down with them!—cry all,—cry all!"

He then rushed upon the guard, and was promptly followed up by the Stranger; but the engagement soon became general, as many of the inhabitants of the Church-yard, who greatly disliked their military watch, soon rose and joined the assailants. When the crowd had considerably increased, the Female laid a strong and hasty hand upon Fleetwit, and the Stranger who had so warmly supported her cause, and said to them, in an emphatic whisper, "Your lives are already endangered for my sake; withdraw yourselves from the scuffle, and follow me."

As soon as this could be effected, they parted from the crowd, and, keeping close to their mysterious companion, rapidly passed with her round to an old house, upon the Southern side of the Cathedral, next to the small Chapel of St. Gregory; and entering therein, their companion took up a small dark-lanthorn, with which, after traversing through some dilapidated passages and empty apartments, they descended quickly towards the lower part of the building. The noise of the fray without, which until this time seemed to continue at a distance, now appeared to approach closer; and when this was perceived, by their conductress, she exclaimed, "We must hasten, or all is lost. One moment more, and we are as far from all pursuit as are the dead which sleep around this holy pile. Follow me in silence."

She now brought them an apartment, which was formed entirely of stone, on the Northern side of which appeared the form of a short ancient doorway, that seemed to have been built up, but the lower part of it descended into the stone floor of the cellar, which shewed, by the uncertain light of the lanthorn, as if it were composed of mouldering grave-stones, yet bearing many a half-defaced inscription. Putting the lanthorn into Fleetwit's hand, the Female began hastily to raise one of the smallest fragments of the floor, and the cavity below it discovered a rude and narrow descent; not as though this subterraneous passage had been designed when the house was originally erected, but as if it had been wrought out by unskilled labour, long since it's foundation.

"Take the light and ent-r," cried the Female hastily, "and leave me to draw down and fasten the stone. On, on! we tarry too long here; and discovery would bring to the death more lives than our's—So,—well,"—she continued, entering the passage after them, and gently lowering the stone, and fastening it within with an iron padlock;—"So,—well;—now there is not one breathing above-ground who knows the way to Fitz-Lawrence's treasure-chamber,"

"A treasure-chamber, Mistress!" said the Stranger, who till that time had scarcely spoken; "you may well then guard the entrance; for your attachment to a deserted Sovereign; would be cause great enough for it to be sacked, and it's owners sent where earthly gold is not current."

"True," answered the Female, "yet the treasure here stored up,—albeit, in this age it is rare beyond the richest metal of Inde,—would scarcely reward those who should be sacrilegious enough to ransack this vault to procure it.—It consists of the reliques of a good man!—what say ye now?"

"A thing beyond all price, in our time, of a verity," answered the Stranger; "but say, why should such an one be deposited under the foundations of his earthly dwelling, rather than in holy ground, especially as he seems to have resided so near to the Church of St. Paul's?"

"You are mistaken," answered the Maiden; "he does not lie out of holy ground; for this passage leads to the Vaults under the Chapel of St. Faith, which stands beneath the Choir of St. Paul's. Ye are both entitled to my confidence by your bravery; furthermore, we are fellow-exiles, and, if I understood ye rightly, ye have some sympathy for those over whom the vicious of these days tyrannise and triumph,"

"Aye, damsel, even so," replied the Stranger, sighing; "I, at the least have deep cause to condole with them."

"Then," answered the Female, "are you the less likely to bring the hunters down upon the fearful hind. Know, then, that I am one of the afflicted Church of the Roman Catholics; which the malevolent bigotry of these who are now seizing upon the government, persecutes with a hatred, even beyond that which your own faith as yet experiences at their hands. Now are we like the faithful, of whom holy Paul spake of old,—'*in solitudinibus errantes, in montibus, et speluncis et in cavernis terræ.*'—Wanderers in the deserts, and in the mountains, and in the dens, and in the caverns of the earth. Within the last month, however, our number has been lessened in this world, by the death of my father, Gabriel Fitz-Lawrence."

"What?" cried Fleetwit, "Fitz-Lawrence of the Holy Gridiron?"

"Truly so," answered his daughter. "He desired to be interred in this sacred pile, beneath the spot where the altar of the blessed St. Sebastian once stood in *Ecclesia Sancti Fidis in Cryptis*, at which place the piety of Alan de Hotham, in 1351, founded a Chantry, with provision for two Priests to say Mass for himself, his family and all the faithful deceased. But the glory is now departed; the candlestick is removed out of it's place; for when that tide of spoliation and turbulence, miscalled Reformation, came rushing through the land, to carry away the fair Church-living, to deflower the shrines of the holy Saints, and to scatter abroad the pious men and maidens who had vowed themselves to God—then also ceased the charitable bequest of Alan de Hotham; yet, by means of this passage, did my father nightly visit the site of St. Sebastian's alter, to perform his silent Masses and Lauds undisturbed and unknown."

"And," said the Stranger, "have you, fair damsel, been enabled to secure for your parent's reliques the burial-service of your scattered Church?"

"Aye answered Judith Fitz-Lawrence, "for the flame of our Christian love and piety burns brightest in the deepest darkness. The Mass hath seldom been read with such entire devotion, the Prose seldom sung with such fervency of feeling, or the body of a departed brother committed to the ground with such affectionate sorrow, in the days of our Church's glory, as they were upon that midnight, when the remains of my Father were deposited here. Oh! it was a moment of more solemn triumph than these walls had ever seen, when Kings, and Princes, and Prelates, and Peers, swelled the ecclesiastical procession, or joined in the sacred ritual. We were but a little band, but there stood our reverend father, the Priest, looking more like an ancient Prophet than a mortal, although he was despoiled of his sacred vestments; and there was the dear corpse, not wrapped in the costly pall, nor made bright with waxen tapers, yet were those who surrounded it more bright than they, for they were the faithful reliques of a persecuted Church. Hark! my friends are even now performing the Mass for my Father's soul! they are near at hand, and we must silently join them."

The narrow subterraneous passage which had led Eastward for a considerable distance, that is to say, nearly the whole length of the nave of the Cathedral, now opened into a spacious, but low, dark, and damp vault, which was roofed and groined by massive, pointed Norman arches, spreading, into a thousand ramifications, dividing the building into aisles, separated from each other by short and heavy clustered-columns. The stone walls were streaming with the noxious grave-damps, and were stained with the green tint of corruption arising from the bodies that were still placed against them; for at the Reformation most of the coffins had been opened, under the impression that gold or jewls were interred along with the dead, and the remains, were seldom recovered, or else were shrouded so rudely that enough of the reliques was still left visible to disgust the sight by the appearance of their decay. It was in one of the Eastern aisles of these vaults, that two Priests were seen kneeling over a coffin covered with a black pall, on which appeared a large and broad white cross, and were reading in a low and smothered tone, that part of the Epistle to the Thessalonians which the Romish Church appoints to be repeated in the Masses for the Dead, on the third, seventh, and thirteenth days after their decease; "*Velim autem vos scire, fratres mei*," &c. This was followed by the Gradual and Tract, proper to the same service, and subsequently, by the grand Prose of "*Dies iræ*," not then swelled into funereal harmony by the voice of a solemn choir, attended by tapers and banners, and reliques, and holy incense, but sung in a low tremulous tone, with many a trembling glance cast around, to discover if any were present besides the dead. There were few lights to adorn this brief and mournful ceremony; a half-burned torch of yellow wax placed at the head of the body, and another at the feet, feebly supplied the place of the illuminated catalaico, or *Chapelle Ardente*, with which the eminently pious, or the rich endower of the Church, should be honoured, according to the Catholic Ritual.

When Judith Fitz-Lawrence, the Stranger, and Fleetwit, entered the vault, the former dropped on her knees, and became immediately absorbed in the pious duty before her: and the other two remained in perfect silence gazing on the scene, half engaged with their own unfortunate prospects, and half occupied by the interesting sight before them. It was not until the service was finished, and the last "*Requiescat*" had been said, that Judith Fitz-Lawrance made her presence known to the officiating Priests; but then she uttered, in a low but distinct voice, from the Psalter, the words "*Etiamcum ambulavero in captivitatem per planitiem umbræ mortis, non timebo malum*"—even when I walk in captivity through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; to which the voice of the Priest was heard to answer "*Introite, filia mea*,—why hast thou tarried so late, Judith Fitz-Lawrence? even now we have finished the Mass."

"Father," replied she, "after having been once more disappointed in that enquiry, which you already wot of, I was crossing the Church-yard in haste, when I was stopped by the guard, who questioned me closely, and who would have entirely prevented my coming hither, had not these two gentlemen interfered for me;" and as she spake, she brought forward Fleetwit, and the Stranger but the moment the light of the torches shone upon the face of the latter, she exclaimed. "Mother of God! can it be Sir Edward Stanmore?"

"Aye! Judith Fitz-Lawrence," answered he, "for from the first you were not unknown to me it is even I, who have left the Royal Camp at Oxford in the hope of preserving the scattered fragments of my father's fortune, to bear it to my deserted King, and to die with him."

"You may not linger here, Sir Edward," answered Judith; "although in gratitude for your former shelter to my father I have long been searching you out, to warn you of your sequestration; know ye not that one messenger sent from Chevies hath already been executed; and that Daniel Knivetón and Carpenter are both condemned?"

"I do, full well," replied Stanmore, "and count my own fate to be no better, should I be discovered; but although the lands of my house are sequestrated, the emissaries of the Parliament have not yet taken possession, and I am not without hope of rescuing some portion of my inheritance from the hands of the spoilers, for the support of my Sovereign. So that be done, in God's name let the rest go! I am the last of my family, and the glory of it shall attend me to a loyalist's death by the side of his Monarch."

"Is it even so?" said Judith Fitz-Lawrence, as if consulting with herself, then all may yet be managed: and are you acquainted, Sir Edward, with the name of him to whom the Court of Sequestrations hath assigned your estate?"

"Aye, damsel," returned Sir Edward, "he is called Jael Straitlace, a Puritanical Milliner, who holds his shop above the portico of St. Paul's here."

"I know him well," said Judith, "a pharisaical dove-seller and money-changer in the Temple. Your pardon, holy Fathers," continued she, "but a few words more, and I attend you; in the mean while we, who are already in sorrow, should bear each other's burthens through the valley, even as the holy text saith."

"Thou art in the right, my daughter," replied the eldest of the Fathers; "it is truly pleasing to Heaven when it's afflictions soften the soul so as to render it more susceptible to the sorrows of others."

"Then, Sir Edward," began Judith Fitz-Lawrence, "if I rightly comprehend the nature of your affairs, were the assignment of your estate yet in your own possession, you would be enabled to return thither, and to procure from it more effectual means of serving Charles Stuart, than you can at present hope to do!"

"It is so, in truth, fair Judith," replied Sir Edward; "a few days, and only the naked walls of the Stanmore mansion should remain to the new inheritor. It's costly plate, it's rich arras is' ancient warlike trophies, should no longer be hidden from the light of day, or moulder beneath the power of Time, and the destructive moth, but they should return to succour the descendant of those Kings by whom they were first bestowed."

"Well resolved, Sir Edwad Stanmore," said Fleetwit, now coming forward; "and if it be within the skill of man to get that same assignment for you from old Straitlace, why it shall not be wanting. I've schemed deeply, and have succeeded in more difficult and worse matters than this; and now, if my cunning fail me not in one of my first good actions, Master Jeal shall have no more claim on your fair acres at this time to-morrow, than he has on the Empire of Morocco. Pretty Mistress Judith," continued he, "I've run a tilt for your sake already, that would bring me to brief dooming were it known, so that I may fairly claim to be your Knight of the Holy Gridiron, in my encounter with this Golden Goose of Paul's portico. By the faith of a good fellow, he shall smoke for it, and——"

"Hark!" exclaimed Judith, "surely there are footsteps decending from the Church above!"

"Yes," added Sir Edward, drawing his rapier, "and I hear voices too, and now a pale ray of light streams down the vault stairs at the end of yonder aisle. It must be our pursuers, but by this holy pile, and the blessed dead around us, they shall find that even now I will be no easy prey."

"Oh! be not too rash," cried Judith; "if they be our enemies, we can, I trust, all die bravely as Loyalists and Christians; but perchance they have other purposes:—put out the lights, Father Clement; place the lamp of the lanthorn in yonder sepulchere, and let us wait the event in silence."

The topers were scarcely extinguished, and the anxious group disposed of, behind Fitz-Lawrence's bier, when four persons entered the vault attended by several soldiers, armed and bearing torches.

RAMBLES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

(Continued.)

Letter III.

I would fain have stopped a few days longer at the Second Branch, still lingering in the lap of ease; but fresh horses had now arrived, and it was time to be off, and see that farther, but finer country, up the river,

"Where the nibbling flocks do stray."

But being Sunday, we attended divine service at a pretty cottage of a neighbouring settler, which was performed to a large family of children and domestics, with that peculiar decency and respect that distinguishes the English all over the world. Although in his duller moments a sigh after home may sometimes escape the English settler, and although he sometimes gives vent to his feelings, in the beautiful language of the poet—

"Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva,
Nos patriam fugimus!"

yet he seldom forgets these earliest associations of his youth, the time-hallowed customs of his country.

It was only in leaving this agreeable cottage, that the lady of the house reminded me that we were old acquaintances, having met together in Almeida, a fortress of Portugal, thirteen years ago. Such an unexpected renewal of ac-

quaintance in a country so remote, I consider one of the most pleasing incidents of the journey. Mr——was now surrounded by a large and blooming family in the heart of New South Wales, which, while it afforded me an excuse for my want of recollection on the instant, gave me at the same time a gentle jog how fast the tide of life was ebbing unperceived!

But I shall never get you up the river at this rate; so good-bye, pretty Branch, and I hope when I see you next you will have a church and a goal, a court-house, a ferry and a blacksmith's shop, with lots of village maids; and by all means let your church-steeple have a bell or bells; for that which is a nuisance in a crowded city and a sickly season, becomes in the country softened by [illegible] a most agreeable rural sound, and [illegible]ment to the sylvan scene. I [illegible] so good from [illegible] Plains. Except[illegible] though very narro[illegible] and four might run [illegible] a good open forest [illegible] road runs at the back of the farms [illegible] bank of the river. It is therefore the most uninteresting imaginable, and not five shillings worth of improvement either in houses, cultivation, or fences, is to be found the whole distance of thirty miles. There never was a better road for a night coach, with a guard and lamps, in which the traveller might go to sleep all the way, without losing any thing of scenery. It was a tiresome, hot, weary, monotonous ride; and if it had not been for a sip of brandy and water, which we were enabled to mix at the first stream, called Anvil Creek, and a feed of corn afterwards for the tired horses, at a place yclept by courtesy "a farm," a few miles farther on, we must have bushed it for the night. This farm belongs, I am informed, to a respectable individual connected with one of the public departments in Sydney. His entire stock of wheat, I am sorry to say, would not load a dray; and for want of a fence, the five or six acres of maize had been greatly injured by cattle and horses eating it off green. It was evident the owner was an absentee, in Sydney or somewhere else; and I wondered for the twentieth time how people can be reconciled to leave their cattle, crops, and improvements—interests involving hundreds, and sometimes thousands of pounds—to two or three Convict servants, generally wild Irish, the best of whom at home would hardly be trusted to take a letter to the two-penny post! But, by way of "a dram of sweet to this pound of sour," this farm is the most eligible, if not the only place for an inn on the whole road; and from the constantly increasing traffic between the upper and lower country, cannot fail immediately to be of considerable value to the proprietor for that purpose; it is now high time that such large drafts on the hospitality of the resident settlers should be discontinued, or at least abated.

When we mounted our horses again it was nearly sunset, and long before arriving at the Plains, completely dark. The forest is not the best of all possible places for riding in at night; and, as we could no longer distinguish the marks of the wheels on the road, it was necessary to keep closer together. I thought of the glee—

"Who is it that rides through the forest so dark?"

but was not in the vein for singing; the heat of the day, and the jog, jog, of my jaded horse, made me think of nothing but the long road and the end of the journey. It soon however, got lighter, and presently afterwards "up rose the yellow moon;" and it was consolatory to find the trees at length getting thinner, and, all of a sudden. We burst upon St. Patrick's Plains, the first sight of which, and the sensations it awakened, I shall not forget the longest day I live. I was completely enamoured with the splendid scene;—and

"The high Moon sailing on her beauteous way,"

while it showed an almost boundless level without a tree threw an uncertain light over the distant horizon, that made it difficult to say how far the Plains extended. Coming out of the murky forest, a strong breeze swept along the plain, alike refreshing by its chilliness to man and beast. This spot, indeed, deserves the name of Plains; it was only discovered on St. Patrick's day, 1819. We still had a long ride through the wheat stubble, and large fields of maize, belonging to the owner of Castle Forbes, though we could not see the castle. If ever I had been inclined to smile at the apparent bad taste and vanity of giving such high-sounding names to our bits of bush in New South Wales—our colonial castles, courts, halls, mounts, and parks, it was not at that moment; for I thought the owner of an estate comprising four or five thousand acres of such land, need not hesitate to call it after the most favoured spot in Britain. If there is not a castle on it yet, there is a very neat and commodious cottage which, for the present, is much more convenient than any castle could be. Although not at all acquainted with the proprietor, I should not have hesitated in storming his castle for a night's lodging, but we had previously heard that he was gone to Sydney.

This and the adjoining property are two of the finest grants in the colony, and inferior to none in any part of the world. Thirty-six to forty bushels to the acre is the usual produce of their wheat crops; and I saw what few people have seen in this country, if any, two stack-yards within a mile of each other, containing together ten thousand bushels of wheat! And yet, when the proprietor of Castle Forbes chose his land in this distant, out-of-the-way country, as it was then called, not four years ago, he was laughed at, and considered mad. Let them laugh who win. But what is to be done with all this wheat is not so easy to decide. Up to the present year the demands of the new settlers have been sufficient to carry off the superabundant produce of this district; but now that there are no new settlers, it is to be hoped some liberal and judicious system of distillation laws may be adopted to keep the plough going.

To send wheat from Patrick's Plains to Sydney, to obtain the present market-price of four shillings per bushel, is out of the question; whereas, if a distillery were established there, the proprietor would make fortune; a population already seven hundred souls, would soon be trebled the ploughshare would never rust, and a labouring man, from the low price of spirits, might obtain his glass of grog without robbing his neighbour to obtain the means. Is it to be supposed that men can gather in the golden harvest of four hundred acres of wheat in one spot, under an almost vertical sun, without having a glass of grog? Impossible! Beer, no doubt, would be better; and there will soon be room at Patrick's Plains for both a brewery and distillery.

[illegible]rrived at the country inn, Patrick's Plains [illegible]e and very tired; but our man not having [illegible]p with the luggage, no bede had been pre[illegible]as we expected, and mine host of the [illegible]n was taken a little unawares. Late as it [illegible]upper and tea were soon on the table; and [illegible]und a grilled chicken, and some slices of home-made bacon, very acceptable after a day's fasting. There's nothing like an inn after all.

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

We had very good beds, and our horses were as well off as their masters: it required little, indeed, to make us satisfied.

I was soon up in the morning, like a man on board ship, to see whereabouts we were, and read over the door "Plough Inn, by Joseph Singleton, dealer in wines and spirits." It is the most northern inn in the colony, being situate in 32. 30. South latitude. We were on the edge of the river without knowing it, not having seen it for nearly forty miles. It was reduced considerably in size, and when we went down the deep kloof to bathe, it was with difficulty we could find a place over our heads, although marks of the flood were visible twenty and thirty feet above the present bed; but, in the memory of the oldest settler, the water was never known so low. It must be an extraordinary flood, say seventy feet, that can overflow the banks of Hunter's River; at this part of Patrick's Plains; but such an event, we were told, may be looked for every six or seven years. There is plenty of building-ground in the rear.

I give my bill for a night's lodging at the Plough Inn, Patrick's Plains; nothing can be more moderate; yet look at the brandy.

"Supper with tea, 1s. 3d.; Bed, 1s. 3d.; Horse, as much corn as he could eat, 1s. 3d.; Breakfast, eggs and pork, 1s. 3d.; Servant's eating, 1s.; Half-pint of brandy, 3s. 9d. In all, 9s. 9d."

This is the price of sixteen bushels of wheat for one gallon of spirits!!! It is not quite so bad as Falstaff's bill of three shillings for sack and a penny for bread; but it is an invaluable commentary on the masterly legislation of Sir T. Brisbane's early council, and that precious enactment, the preamble of which talks about "the revenue being sunk by the weight of said imposition" which literally came out "like a thief in the night; and as the Chronicle writer says, at one stroke of the pen made men beggars at breakfast-time, who, the night before, were in the flood-tide of prosperity, enriching themselves and their country by their enterprise and skill.

Patrick's Plains, by reason of the extent and fertility of the land, is capable of supporting a very thick population, and some day or other must be a place of great consequence. At present there is neither magistrate, school, nor medical man;—the nearest doctor being forty miles off. This is a serious want, and naturally tends to prevent the settlement of families; it is as bad as the large county of Sutherland at home, which, with a population of twenty-three thousand inhabitants, can only boast of one doctor, whose house was shown me at the extremity of the county, near the little ferry between Dornoch and Golspie.

This is the usual place for fording the river; but I must cut short this letter, for the present, and defer crossing till my next. X. Y. Z.

(To be Continued.)

Varieties.

SELECTED FROM RECENT LETTERS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LORD BYRON.

The taste for the poetry of the British bard has rather increased than diminished upon the Continent; yet such strange transformations, not only of expression, but of idea, have been effected in *translations*, that no greater change could have been produced in that of a certain well-known Prelate himself in our own country. 'The Siege of Corinth' has been just published in France by Mons. A. Giron, to whom we ought (it is to be presumed) to feel greatly indebted for many very important alterations in the original poetry, which a Flemish critic has pronounced *decided improvements*, and hesitates not to declare that the French version far exceeds in beauty the original work itself. If improvements, it would not appear however that they are additions, as some of what we have been taught to deem the more brilliant passages in the Poem, have been wholly omitted as *too gross* for Parisian taste: and of the novel introductions M. Giron may well claim the entire merit, without fear of our contesting for them. We might have deemed that of all the works of Lord Byron, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' would have been the least palatable, and the most incomprehensible to our neighbours, from its local and personal allusions. M. Raoul, a Professor at the University of Ghent, has however edited a French translation of it under the happy title of 'The Edinburgh Review,' and has no doubt struck out *new beauties*, of which the English are not, and the regretted author could never have been aware. The pruning knife, if not the hatchet, is sometimes Preferable to ingrafting: but abroad, they can never get any thing English into their hands without trying one and the other. In the case of our new Ministry, however, either experiment might prove beneficial.

AUSTRIA.

The hereditary Prince of Austria is, it is whispered, to be united with a Princess of Wirtemberg: and reports are in circulation of the Emperor being desirous that his eldest son shall share with him the task of ruling his dominions. The cause of this can only be speculated on, if it be true; and may arise from the effects of the late illness with which His Imperial Majesty was afflicted, which may have disposed him to seek in domestic life that repose denied by the administration of the affairs of countries, so heterogeneously composed as are his Austrian and Italian possessions; and where the necessity of obedience is more strictly enforced than coincided in by those who own his sway. Prince Metternich is said to have received the present of a turban from the Grand Signor, and the gift may serve to illustrate another Moslem virtue for the benefit of our new Minister—a due sense of gratitude for favours received. We have not heard yet whether the fair hands of the Seraglio are preparing another for England. Surely (if all go on, as it seems, unheeded) a just claim might be set up by some one of the new Administration. We could point out, we think, a person who was ever fond of appearing in *Mufti*, and might not disdain to assume the Turban, should it be presented. We hope to see a presentation at Court ere long, on the receipt of the Moslem honour; which might haply be worn with more fitness than grace.

NAVARINO.

So long as public excitement, on any particular subject, endures in France, its effects are far more vehemently displayed than with us. The marchand de modes, the perruquier, the jeweller, and even the restaurateur attempts to acquire momentary fame and less uncertain profit by the adoption of the popular title. Navarino Wigs—(they are *out* of fashion unhappily with us,)—les Soupirs d'Ibrahim Pasha, represented by the colour of a shawl or scarf;—Carpe Grillee au Grand Ture, are all applied successively, as an appeal to Parisian feeling; and the profits of the luminous inventor of either designation. The Government, whatever be the true nature of Royal or Ministerial sentiment on the subject, are sufficiently politic to turn to advantage the public opinion, by diverting its expression from declining commerce, the abuse of elections, or the increase of Jesuitism. Garneray, the marine painter to the Dauphin, accompanied by another artist of the name of Decamp, have been expedited, by authority, on board the *Philomele* frigate, for Greece, to depict upon the spot, where it occurred, the late action. Ere they return, however, some new brochure, another cut of a pantaloon, a novel bonnet, longchamp, or the funeral of some deceased patriot, (the very gayest sort of thing, by the way, that after all they can boast at Paris,) will have superseded all the glory of the battle. Chateaubriand is of course in the ecstacies, whi[illegible] Abbe de Pradt (who is at prese[illegible] for his sins or pleasure) has just i[illegible] tions on the Armed Intervention [illegible] Greece,' teeming with that acc[illegible] the subject, and justness of reaso[illegible] the versatile Abbè is no less reno[illegible] versatile Vicomte. He has de[illegible] said, that, ere he gives rest to his [illegible] shall fill a *hundred* folio volu[illegible] help our generation!

ANECDOTES OF THE ABBE DE M[illegible]

A good deal has, of late, been [illegible] Abbé de Montgaillard, and [illegible] France. Here are some anec[illegible] splenetic, violent, and partial old [illegible]

He lived alone, without house[illegible] maid; but he liked a good din[illegible] he bought a truffled turkey, an[illegible] porter to get it cooked. He ate [illegible] and the truffles, and then threw [illegible] into the street. 'My fool of a po[illegible] 'no doubt supposed that I should [illegible] He will be rubbing his hands in [illegible] his share. What a joke to gi[illegible] dogs!'

He used to live in a small [illegible] opposite the Hotel of Cambacerè[illegible] ing, the High Chancellor was [illegible] while the historian was dischar[illegible] upon paper. Disturbed by the [illegible] festivities, he threw up his windo[illegible] out, with a bitter smile, 'Enjoy [illegible] strut before thy flatterers, whil[illegible] for thou shalt pay dear for thy [illegible] preparing thee a page that w[illegible] repose for ever.'

Several officers were feasting [illegible] ordinary in a provincial town. [illegible] gaillard stepped in, and a you[illegible] whom he was wont to converse fr[illegible] bishops of——. At the sig[illegible] abbot, the guests immediately su[illegible] festivities; but he speedily set [illegible] ease, by saying to the person who sat next to him, 'Have the goodness to pass me the gerkins;' and, picking one out of the dish with his knife, he turned to his companion, and added, 'Do you know why I take this? Because it resembles the nose of the Bishop that has just been appointed to the diocese.'

His character continued unchanged even on his deathbed, as appears from the following passage in his will: 'I have an income of eight thousand francs: to whom shall I bequeath it? To my family? I despise it. To the clergy? I detest them. To the sick poor? They turn me sick. But if I make no will, Government will be my heir; which is a thousand times more disagreeable to me than all the rest put together. Then let it go to the sick poor: they owe me no acknowledgment; for if my will be in their favour, it is out of hatred to every body else.'

GREECE.

The fears generally entert[illegible] and on the Continent, on our[illegible] Portugal, of a war being the [illegible] re-excited, amongst our neigh[illegible] to the affairs of Greece. We [illegible] with our allies, commenced ope[illegible] of the latter: and, if the liberal [illegible] afforded by us to Russia in actin[illegible] key, (should that power decl[illegible] received as fact, it would appear [illegible] ter consequences of our interventi[illegible] speculated upon, ere it took place.

That the Grand signor has evinc[illegible] a degree of moderation and forbea[illegible] the galling circumstances in which [illegible] placed, must be generally admitt[illegible] prudence speaks more for his policy [illegible] timidity. He is a man of no ordinary [illegible] and his recent measures attest hi[illegible] resolution, and readiness in acting. [illegible] well that the means he possesses are [illegible] consolidated; and he is too wary to h[illegible] safety of his empire in a struggle [illegible] Russians, ere he be enabled to summo[illegible] strength to the contest, which he fears not to engage in, even though the result be the loss of his European territories. The Moslems, from principles of religion and of feeling, are to a man with him on the subject: and, as they urge him to dare the event, will support him in its encounter.

Of the intention of the Russians no doubt exis[illegible]s on the Continent; but, relying upon the temperate professions of the Emperor Nicholas, we fear not any attempt at aggrandizement on his part; and have even, to the utmost of our power, acted as pioneers in preparing the way before him. Forgetful of his late gradual approaches towards our Indian possessions;—of the Russian artillery used by our opponents in the Burmese war;—of all that has taken place in regard to our Ionian protegés;—of the feeling of the Russian people towards the Turks, and the undissembled policy of their rulers from gone-by time, in respect to Constantinople, we have (at the mere suggestion of the autocrat) by the exertion of our influence, and with every formality of sanction, placed at the head of the government of Greece, the Count Capo d'Istria, the devoted instrument of the Court of St. Petersburgh,—the son of Veyra de Capo d'Istria of Corfu, (Lord——will surely understand this,) and one who can be the least reproached, of all men living, as ignorant of diplomatic intrigue. If the Russians succeed in those designs they now as surely contemplate, as they have been long regarded with fanatical enthusiasm by the court and people of that empire, it will be too late to regret the aid we have afforded to our proper prejudice, and the [illegible] ambition of the Czar. The [illegible] justly ridicule the idea; but, if it be true, would it not be advisable to unite the dignities of Lord High Chancellor and Archbishop of Canterbury to the others? The head that can manage the first, can readily comprehend the

(Continued in the third Sheet.)

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THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDDAY. 27TH AUGUST 1828.

(Continued from the Second Sheet.)

last; and much public saving might occur; as the duke, in a pecuniary point of view, is not an interested man, and might undertake them (with the Irish government included, as a make-weight) for a trifling remuneration.

THEATRICALS IN PARIS.

The Opera of the 'Dumb Girl of Portici,' so long expected, has at length come out, at the Royal Academy in Paris, and has met with unparalleled success. The History of Naples, and the conspiracy of Masaniello, have, moreover, furnished the subject of this piece, of which the following is a brief analysis: Alphonso, the son of the viceroy of Naples, is engaged to marry Elvira, and every thing is ready for the ceremony. But he had seduced a young girl, called Fenella, the sister of Masaniello; she was dumb, but not deaf, and had been imprisoned by order of the viceroy. Just at the time of celebrating the marriage, Fenella escapes from her confinement, and, pursued by the sentinels, throws herself at the feet of Elvira, to whom she relates, by signs, the story of her misfortunes, and implores her protection. The young bride promises to recommend her to the prince, after the nuptial benediction. Judge of the despair of Fenella, when she recognizes her seducer in the prince who is on the point of marriage. The sight troubles him; Elvira is agitated; and thus terminates the act.

In the next act, the Neapolitan conspirators, assembled on the banks of the Tamar, develope their hostile designs against the government of the Viceroy, and the ardent Masaniello is placed at their head. Instigated by the wrongs of Fenella, he swears that he will take vengeance on the man who has brought a reproach upon his family, and administers the same oath to his comrades. The first half of the third act transpires in the palace of Alphonso, who endeavours, in vain, to subdue the jealousy of his bride. The scene changes, and we are carried to the market place of Naples. A Spanish officer appears, to arrest Fenella. The conspirators, in the garb of dealers, seize the poinards which they had concealed in their hampers, and repulse the soldiers; when the insurrection becomes general.

In the fourth act Masaniello has triumphed; he is master of Naples; but it is from his cottage that he dictates its laws. Meanwhile, Naples is deluged with blood. Masaniello goes out to concert with his friends: Fenella remains alone. There is a knock at the door of the cottage. It is Elvira and Alphonso, fleeing, who beg her hospitality and implore an asylum from the fury of the mob. Masaniello returns and demands the names of the strangers. They evade the question, and Masaniello promises to make no attempt upon their lives. Some of the rebels arrive, and one of them recognizing the son of the Viceroy, they all seek to kill him. Masaniello defends him; and the conspirators, enraged to see their chief protecting a Spaniard, begin to think that they have but dethroned one tyrant to set up another. The triumphal procession of Masaniello closes the fourth act. The scene is now in the palace of the Viceroy; the victorious conspirators give themselves up to the excesses of a Neapolitan debauch. One of them, who is jealous of the power of Masaniello, pours into his cup a potion which deranges his mind. It is announced that Alphonso, at the head of his soldiery, is coming towards the palace. The mob call upon the courage of Masaniello; but the poor rebel sings to them of the Carcarolles, and runs about like a mad man. At length he is drawn into the fray. He falls, and the counter-revolution is carried. Vesuvius groans, and an eruption follows: Fenella joins the hands of the newly-married pair, climbs the mountain, stops a moment on the brink of the crater, to take a last look of her Alphonso, and then rushes headlong into the burning lava, which overspreads the whole of the scene. The curtain falls upon this picture, which represents the eruption of Vesuvius as well as it is possible to be done by painting.

M.M. Scribe and Germain, are the authors of the poem of this Opera, and M. Auber of the music. The scenery and decorations are the work of M. Ciceri, who made a journey to Naples on purpose that he might fill his imagination with the picturesque views in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius. Portucci, Adolphus Nourrit, the actor, both sang and played well in the part of Masaniello; and Madame Cinti sang with her usual ease. But the expressive pantomime of our celebrated figurante, Mlle. Noblet, has secured the largest share of the public approbation.

Newspaper Chat.

The following is a list of the Committee of the New Club to which we formerly alluded, and which promises to be one of the most popular in town:

WINDHAM—HOUSE CLUB, 106, PALL-MALL.

LORD NORTH, M. P., CHAIRMAN.

Committee:

T. Baring, Esq.	The Hon. R. King M. P.
J. Brougham, Esq.	The Hon. D. Kinnaird.
C. Brownlow, Esq.	T. Lloyd, Esq., M. P.
Sir. F. Burdett. Bt. M. P.	J. Marshall, Esq., M. P.
H. Busk, Esq.	G. Parson, Sharp, Esq.
Vis. Castlereagh. M. P.	J. Smith, Esq., M. P.
Mar. of Downshire.	C. P. Thompson Esq. M.P.
Earl of Fife.	H. Warburton. Esq. M. P.
J.H Hutchinson, Esq. M P	G. Wilbraham, Esq M. P.
C.D.O. Jephson, Esq. M P	R. Williams, Esq.

It is remarkable that Townsend, with whom according to 'The Herald,' Lord Wellesley and Prince Esterhazy were so familiary conversing, addresses the very highest personages in the most familiar terms. There being some difficulty on Thursday, in one of the carriages drawing up before the Palace, the wag can be heard to address the Honourable C. B—, one of his Majesty's Household; 'Now, look there, B—, see all this confusion is caused by that Stratton affair's carriage; d—— him,

In 'The Times' of Thursday, there is a very authentic and correct acount of the notorious John Wilks, Jun., the present Member for Sudbury, evidently written by one who knows that person well. The writer of this note had the misfortune to become acquainted with Wilks in the year 1825. The vanity of the man, at that period, could only be equalled by his ignorance. Shortly previous to his being elected for Sudbury, the writer having met Wilks, was thus addressed by him: 'Well, when I get into Parliament, I shall not fear to meet any man in that House, as I consider myself just as good a speaker as Brougham! Wilks is now at Bruges at the greatest distress, while his Chairman, the notorious Peter Moore, the ex-member for Coventry, is rusticating at Dieppe.

We understand that the gentleman who is now a candidate to succeed Mr. John Wilks, in the representation of the borough of Sudbury, is the Chief of the Macleods, in the Isle of Skye, and the same person who, having failed in his opposition to Mr. C. Grant, at the last contested election for the County of Inverness afterwards met with no better success in canvassing the district of boroughs now represented by Mr. R. Grant. Very honourable mention is made of the hospitality and magnificent establishment of the Chief of the Macleods at Dunvegan Castle, by the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Walter Scott, General Macdonald, (Duke of Tarentum,) and other distinguished travellers, who have visited the Western Isles.

'The Morning Herald' says, that borrowing is '*a disturuly system*,' and that we might as well have teameters and sugar-meters as coal-meters. The same paper adds, that Russia, Austria, and *other powers*, would be glad of a war with us, to get rid of the debts owing to us; or the debts to *become owing*; that the time is approaching, according to the *predictions of ancient writers on the prohecies*, (we wish any of our readers could fathom the meaning of this,) when the Mohammedans are to be overthrown, and afterward the Hebrews are to be gathered together, in the which case, *that part of the (quære, what part?)* world would again become the highway of all nations.' Further saith 'The Herald' thus, 'At the bottom of the loan system, or annuity system of Europe, are the Hebrews; and when they have brought that system to such a pitch that it can go on no longer, and no European Government will longer pay dividends then it will not be the interest of the Hebrews to remain in Europe, and they will *fly away* and settle somewhere else. England, however, will be the last nation from which the Hebrews, (we thank, thee, Jew, for teaching us that word,) will *fly*; but when England as no commerce but that of an internal nature, the Hebrews will then run away, (*fly* it was before, but no matter,) and *in or near*, the Holy Land, 'The Herald' thinks it *very likely* the Hebrews will at length settle.'

Now, to all his learning we have not a word to say; but Lord Dorset shall speak for us in verse:

> 'As skillful divers to the bottom fall
> Swifter than those who cannot swim at all;
> So, in this way of writing without thinking,
> Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.'

'The Herald' is certainly the most amusing print in Christendom or out of it. Let our readers hold both their sides while they peruse the following, brief abstract and chronicle' of the Levee given leaded, and in a leading article: 'The Marquis Wellesley, as well as Prince Esterhazy, amused themselves chatting with Townsend the police-officer. Prince Polignac is a handsome man; but (here is a conclusion for you from such premises!) Prince Liven's countenance appeared grave and thoughtful. The Earl of Eldon looked cheerful. He was dressed in black! (We wonder what colour his Lordship's hose were of, the Journal being silent on this important matter.) The Marquis of Hertford was the first Nobleman that left the Court; his Lordship was lame! In fact, more instances of lameness were observable among the Courtiers attending the Levee of yesterday than we have witnessed on former occasions!!! (How awful and portentous this appears!) The Marquis of Lansdown stepped into his coach without relaxing a single muscle of his face. (Aye marry did he, old Truepenny; but he will laugh right heartily when he reads this nonsencial account of himself.) The Marquises of Winchester and Camden, and Lord Melville, were accompanied by their sons as was the Duke of Montrose; but (here again a tremendous *non sequitur*) age and infirmity seemed to be creeping on the latter noblemen!' No one can deny that this is amusing. We will wager a ducat, that there is not another Editor in London who could write after this fashion;—and can praise go higher?

The 'Courier' of Thursday Evening, on occasion of the levee of the preceding day, has the following effusion; 'So mixed up is his Majesty with all his subjects,—he is so throughly the object of their veneration and affection,—his attachment to the Constution has been so proved,—he has afforded such frequent instances of his regard for the glory, the independance, and the happiness of all his people,—he governs in justice, but in justice so tempered with mercy—that at no former period of our history was the prayer of the nation for the long continuance of the health and reign of the Sovereign more deep and universal, Long live the King!' Had it ever been 'The Courier's lot to hear the '*Viva el Rei Absoluto*,' of the fanatic populace of Lisbon; had he ever felt the ridicule which attaches to the '*Vive le Roi*,' sent forth without one responsive cry in a concourse of Parisians, by the solitary and puny voice of some powdered, smooth-faced, ancien-régime noble; had he heard the streets of Naples resound '*Viva il Re*,' to the late Nimrod Ferdinand of Naples, that 'Nestor of Kings' in wisdom as in age, from his sans-culotte lazzaroni; had 'The Courier,' in fact, but ever so small a quantum of taste, refined by a trifling matter of common sense, experience, and judgment, he would have been aware, perhaps, of the absurdity of such common-place stuff as he has mistaken for loyalty, and applied to the constitutional King of England.

TROWSERS AND BIBS.

(From the Atlas, March 2)

THE ingenious author of the *Companion* has been rather too severe on trowsers, in an amusing article on fashions.

"Even fashions (he observes) of popular convenience as the trowsers that have so long taken place of small clothes, continue very often on the strength of some general defect, to which they are useful. The old are glad to retain them, and so be confounded with the young; and among the latter, there are more limbs perhaps, to which loose clothing is acceptable, than tight. More less and knees, we suspect rejoice in these cloak than would be proud of themselves in a shoe and stocking. The male fashions of the last twenty years we think we can trace to a particular source. If it be objected, that the French partook of them and that our modes have generally come from that country, we suspect that the old court in France had more to do with them then Napolean's, which was confessedly masculine and military. The old French in this country and the old noblesse in the other wore bibs and trowsers, when he Emperor went in a plain stock and delighted to show his good leg. For this period, for this only we are of opinion that whether the male fashions did or did not originate in France, other circumstances have conspired to *retain* them in both countries for which the revoluntionary government cannot account. It is true, Mr. Hazlitt informs us in his Life of Napoleon,' that during the Consulate, all the countries were watching the head of the state to know whether mankind were to wear their own hair or powder; and that Bonaparte luckily settled the matter by deciding in favour of nature and cleanliness. But here the revoluntionary authority stopped: not in this instance did it begin, for it is understood that it was the plain head of Dr. Franklin, when he was ambassador at Paris, that first amused, and afterwards interested the giddy polls of his new acquaintances; who went and did likewise. Luckily this was a fashion that suited all ages, and on that account it has survived. But the bibs, and the trowsers and the huge neckcloths whence come they? How is it, at least that they have been so long retained?"

Of the bibs we know nothing; the trowsers we do most potently believe come from Revolutionary France; and as for the huge neckcloth's the question, "how it is that they are retained?" may be met by a *Circumspice*—they are no longer worn, they have been *out* these fifteen years.

But to begin with our latter end, our trowsers. On the breaking out of the Revolution, they were as much the uniform of the Liberty party, as the white hat was a few years ago the outward and visible sign of Radicalism; and consequently their adoption in this country was strenuously resisted by the jealous conservators of good principles. Who, indeed has not heard of the master of a College who actually prohibited these dangerous garments, and by causing their conversion into pantaloons, subjected himself to the reproachful observation that "he had contracted the loose habits of the age." So much identified, indeed, were trowsers in England with the cause of the Revolutionists, that when their excesses gave a reaction of disgust to the common sentiment, trowsers disappeared and they were not restored to favour in this country till after the fall of NAPOLEON. We fought for our liberties in the bondage of breeches. BUONAPARTE, observes the *Companion* delighted to show his good leg: this is no proof that the rejected trowsers were aristocratical, for that worthy personage affected forms of legitimacy, and was therefore more likely to adopt the fashions of the exploded dynasty than of the people who had raised him to power. But NAPOLEON, though he might delight in showing his own good leg, took very good care that his soldiers should not show theirs, and clothed them in trowsers simply because he wished them to have the freest use of their limbs. And this is the reason of utility which has given so long and rational a vogue to the garments in question. Certain legs and knees may rejoice in them as cloaks; we grant but advantage to deformity is rather incidental to the fashion than a cause of it. The luxury of ease is the main recommendation. There is another important ingredient however, in the question; namely expense. Close fitting clothes get shabby and wear out much sooner than loose, and a well-dressed man has now one pair of trowsers in his bill where he used to have three of *tights*. The tailors lament the change, and sigh for cramped legs and longer bills. There is no return however to narrow systems. Men's limbs or ideas, once enlarged are not likely to submit themselves again to bondage. Swaddling, whether of bodies of spirits, or of commerce, is out of vogue. To be sure, the waist, like the conscience, is still a little confined; but the principle of freedom is travelling upwards, and will soon get the better of stays rests, and dissabilities.

We have now only to consider the imputed errors of neckcloths. Their alleged hugeness we deny, and they have borne up stiffly against Royalty itself. Indeed the application of starch originated with Beau BRUMMEL when in disgrace, and was especially devised with the design of perplexing the Royal tie; as the following historical account of this most momentous invention, extracted from the *London Magazine*, will show.

"EXAMINATION OF A YOUNG PRETENDER TO FASHION.

"Q. What is the most wonderful invention of modern times?

"A. The starched neckcloth,

"Q. Who invented the starched neckcloth?

"A. Brummell,

"Q. Give the particulars of this invention.

"A. When Brummell fell into disgrace, he devised the starched neckcloth, with the design of putting the prince's neck out of fashion, and of bringing his Royal Highness's muslin into contempt. When he first appeared in this stiffened cravat, tradition says that the sensation in St. James's street was prodigious: dandies were struck dumb with envy, and washerwomen miscarried. No one could conceive how the effect was produced—thin card, a thousand contrivances, were attempted, and innumerable men cut their throats in vain experiments. The secret in fact, puzzled and baffled every one but poor dandy L——d died raving mad of it: his mother, sister, and all his relations waited on Brummell, and on their knees implored him to save their kinsman's life by the explanation of the mystery; but the beau was obdurate, and L. miserably perished. When B. fled from England, he left this secret a legacy to his country; wrote on a sheet of paper left on his dressing-table, the emphatic word —"Starch is the man."'—*London Magazine* No. 5.

The *Companion* is particularly happy in his strictures on the huge fabrics which ladies wear on their heads under the name of bonnets and bearing about the same proportion to the person which the broad top of a toad-stool does to the slender stalk. On the effect of these *Machines* in public places, our essayist comments thus—

"A lady (provided she has no other lady before her similarly dressed) can see out of it as comfortably as if she were sitting in a chaise and perhaps feels the snugger for that sort of calash; but the unfortunate persons behind her are deprived both of the pleasure of the scene and of the consolation of beholding the back part of a human head, and is as much at a loss as if the chaise were actually before them. Imagine thirty or forty of those vehicles, placed unaccountably about the pit, with a fair mystery in each like the lady in the lobster! The lady would be speedily detached, with a merry violence and the vehicles rolled away. But head and bonnet are not to be divorced. In vain the fair wearers are requested to take them off. They wonder at you; they frown they 'cannot think of such a thing.' The ladies who make the request (for this is a difficult office for a gentleman) acknowledge that compliance is hardly to be expected. The head is dressed for the bonnet; and besides, where is so huge a machine to be put? Thus, then ladies sit on seeing but not allowing to see. The persons in the shadow of their borders contrive, by leaning their heads sideways cribbing a bit on the seat, and other desperate resources, to partake painfully of what is going forward; but those more immediately in the dark, particularly the unhappy person right behind give the thing up as hopeless, The bonneted lady intercepts the main part of the scene. Charles Kemble is swallowed up. The wing of an army is made no more of than that of a chicken. Enter a house and grounds;—no matter: —the yawn of the bonnet engulphs them like a lawyer's bag. At the Opera you may get a leg now and then, or the point of a shoe."

It has often struck us, that it would be a great improvement to cut windows in the sides of these bonnets, for the accommodation of those behind, and also to open a view of the entrenched belle to those on the right and left.

MAKING THE MOST OF A GOOD THING.

When the baggage of Lady Hamilton was landed at Palermo, Lord Nelson's coxswain was very active in conveying it to the ambassador's hotel. Lady Hamilton observed this and presenting the man with a moidore, said, "Now, my friend, what will you have to drink?" "Why, *please your honour*," said the coxswain, "I am not thirsty." "But," said her ladyship, "Nelson's steersman must drink with me, so what will you take, a dram, a glass of grog, or a glass of punch?" "Why," said Jack, "as I am to drink with your ladyship's honour, it wouldn't be good manners to be backward, so I'll take the dram now, and will be drinking the glass of grog, while your ladyship is mixing the tumbler of punch for me."

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